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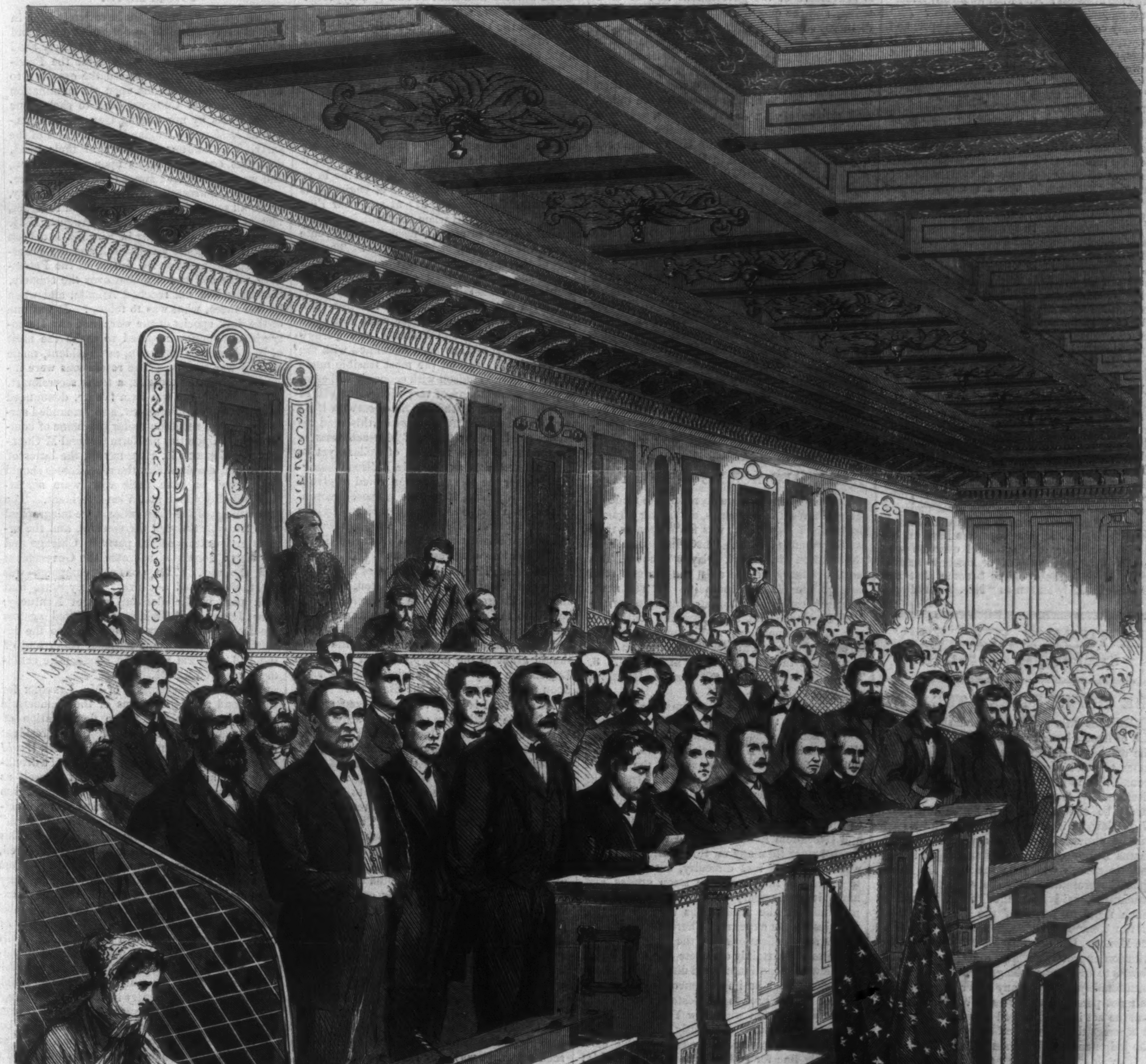


THE REPORTERS' GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D.C.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See next Page.]

"OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT."

Very few persons have any distinct idea of a reporter, and those several American variations of the genus, yclept "War Correspondent," "Special Correspondent," and "Our Washington Correspondent." His social status is too often lower in the scale than his intellectual attainments would warrant him in taking; but this is less his fault and that of society than it is that of his profession. The nature of his labor makes him unobtrusive, though prying; quiet, though busy; a listener rather than a talker; the observer rather than the observed; his identity is swallowed up in that of his journal; he is known less by his name than his title; and, finally, he is a night-hawk, sleeping when others wake, and working and *preying* when others sleep. And yet what would society do without these unobtrusive, meddling spies upon itself? It would come to an end, or nearly so; for what would an American newspaper be without its reports of Congressional proceedings, its White House scandal, its army bulletin, its police news, its political "pow-wows," its sensational sermons, its appalling accidents, its harrowing disasters? And what would any American community be without its newspaper? And as society can not do without its newspaper, and as newspapers are dependent on the reporters, it follows, as logically as ever Polonius argued, that the world is greatly beholden to the reporters, "those gentlemen," as John Bright lately put it, "to whom the cause of liberty and good government is so greatly indebted."

Our engraving on the preceding page is of the Reporters' Gallery, House of Representatives, Washington; and in it the Washington frequenter of the present day will recognize the features of several of the best known of "Our Washington Correspondents." There are now on the official list of the House the names of more than fifty recognized reporters, though there are desks for only forty-seven. In bygone days this gallery was occupied by such editors (then reporters) as Hons. Henry J. Raymond, James Brooks, and W. E. Robinson, all of whom have since occupied desks on the floor of the House as honored Representatives; Carl Schurz, who subsequently became a Major-General in the army, and James E. Harvey, now United States Minister to Portugal. We believe that "the gallery" did not exist in its present shape in the early days of James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, who was the great original "Washington Correspondent;" and in the many changes which have taken place only a few of the original occupants of the gallery are to be found in it at present. On the official register of the House the principal papers of the country are represented by old and experienced reporters.

Besides their places in "the gallery" of the House, the reporters of the principal papers of the country, particularly those of New York, have offices in the Capital. The great majority of these offices are located in Fourteenth Street, under the Ebbitt House—reporters have an intuitive knowledge of what good quarters are, whether for "taking notes" or lunches—and so numerous have these offices become that the block is familiarly known as "Newspaper Row."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 7, 1868.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LAW.

Before this paper is issued the question of impeachment will probably be decided. The offense of the President is plain. He assumes to put himself above the law, upon the ground that in his judgment the law is unconstitutional. A plea more preposterous can hardly be conceived, for if he be the judge of one law he is the judge of all, and no law will be executed until he approves it. Mr. James Brooks, in the very unwise and braggadocio speech which he made in the House upon the presentation of the resolution of impeachment, said that the President had as much right to judge of the constitutionality of the Tenure-of-Office Act as the Senate or the House. Undoubtedly he has; but the Constitution expressly declares that if the President objects to an act upon the ground of want of constitutionality, or upon any other ground, if he can not persuade Congress to agree with him, and the act is again passed by a two-thirds vote, it becomes the law of the land, notwithstanding the judgment of the President.

The New York *Times* echoes the remark of Mr. Brooks in saying of the President: "But it can scarcely be unlawful for him to perform an act in violation of an unconstitutional law, which is simply no law at all; and until the validity of this law shall have been decided by the Supreme Court the question of the President's guilt or innocence can scarcely be entertained." That is to say, if the President vetoes a bill, and it becomes a law despite the veto, the President may set it aside until the Supreme Court declares it to be valid. Now if the President is not bound by the law, nobody else is; and the *Times* declares that no law is binding, even if passed by a two-thirds vote of Congress, until the Supreme Court has approved it. Such a theory reduces the function of the representatives of the people to the mere initiation of laws, and vests the real power of the Government exclusively in the Executive and Judiciary.

The Tenure-of-Office Act was passed by Congress, vetoed by the President, passed over his veto by the constitutional majority, and became the law. The President acknowledged it to be a law by conforming to its requirements, and explaining to the Senate why he had suspended the Secretary of War. The Senate did not approve the suspension, and there the matter should have ended. But by subsequently assuming to remove the Secretary the President deliberately and distinctly violates the law which forbids the removal of any civil officer appointed with the consent of the Senate without its concurrence if it be in session. There could not be a more flagrant defiance of law or usurpation of authority. If the President, as we have said, may do it in the case of one law, he may do it with all laws. The country could not be sure of the execution of any law, however constitutionally enacted, until the Supreme Court had passed upon it, and the consequent confusion and uncertainty would be intolerable. The assumption of Mr. Brooks and of the New York *Times* that a law may be held unconstitutional until pronounced otherwise by the court is subversive of the government and of civil order; and the question ought, therefore, to be distinctly settled whether the President has the power of dispensing with the laws—a power which the English two hundred years ago dethroned King James II. for claiming.

The debate in the House need not have been so bitter. It was useless to answer the taunts and threats of Mr. James Brooks. It was foolish in Mr. Ingersoll to predict that Mr. Wade would be in the White House within ten days, and equally foolish in Mr. Pruyn to deny it. Mr. Farnsworth's tirade against the Democratic party was elicited by Mr. Brooks's claim that the brute force was upon his side. The truth is, that Mr. James Brooks, who vainly aspires to some kind of leadership in the last party to which he has joined himself, very feebly imitated in the debate the part which Davis, Benjamin, and the other conspirators played in the session of 1860–'61. His speech required no answer, and the orators of the majority should have confined themselves to the simple point at issue. Moreover, there should have been no attempt to restrict debate. There is no occasion for excessive haste. The Constitution provides every method of proceeding. The President will not resist impeachment, and upon this simple point of deliberate violation of the law, the only point which should be raised, his trial, if ordered, need not last long.

RAILROADS ACROSS OUR STATE.

The energy of Boston to reach the trade of the great West by railroads, extending through the State of New York, was never greater than at the present moment. Three lines have been projected on which work is being done: 1. The most northerly of these is the famous road through the Hoosic Mountain. 2. The next, southerly, consists of a line starting from Springfield, Massachusetts, and extending southwesterly into Connecticut, and thence, westerly, through the northern tier of counties in Connecticut to the Hudson River at Fishkill. 3. The third is known as the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad.

1. The northern line of communication with the Hudson through the Hoosic Mountain will be accomplished by a union of Massachusetts and also of New York charters. These charters form the roads known as the Boston and Fitchburg, and the Troy and Greenfield lines, which roads together, when completed, will constitute a continuous line from Boston to the Hudson. The tunnel which the Troy and Greenfield Road is obliged to construct is much longer than any on this continent. The work is one of real difficulty, but the object, to procure a line free from steep grades, and make it unnecessary to lift to the top of a mountain all the productions that go east or west justify the expense. There are recent but very strong indications that the State of Massachusetts will certainly complete this tunnel with the view to a continuous and direct line to Lake Ontario. Such an improvement is deemed essential to the growth of Boston, and to that active competition with New York which Boston capitalists keep constantly in view. The policy which governs in adopting the most northerly line for crossing the Hudson is this: That passengers traveling from the West shall, at the point of crossing, be offered greater inducements to proceed to Boston than to New York, and it is supposed that the farther the distance to New York, and the greater the difficulty of reaching it, the more disposed will they be to select the Eastern route.

2. The line next southerly, as we have seen, is designed to extend from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Fishkill, on the Hudson, opposite to one of the *termini* of the Erie Railroad. The several towns in Litchfield and Hartford counties which are interested in this road have voted to raise the proportionate expense applicable to their section, and in Dutchess County, in New York, through the enterprise of a few capitalists, an equal amount of liberality has been shown. The object of this road, so far as Massachusetts is concerned, is a connection with the Hudson, in a manner to avoid the steep grades of the Western Railroad and easily reach the coal-mines of Pennsylvania and the productions of the Western Country. The Western road, constructed by Whistler, is, particularly on the eastern slope of the mountain, a grand monument of engineering skill. A stream, by which it finds its way to the plains, is crossed twenty-seven times, by means of arched masonry of considerable height and span; but the road is an expensive one to maintain and operate.

3. The third line, which is still farther south, and is designed to connect roads extending from Boston and Providence to Waterbury, by way of Hartford with Fishkill, or some point on the Hudson River which will also enable the interior towns of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and part of Massachusetts to reach in the most direct manner those coal-fields, and the productions which seek a market by way of the Erie Railroad. The Secretary of the Boston Board of Trade says of this road, in his report made in January of this year, that "the Company has recently put the whole line from Boston to the Erie Railway under contract; the new portion is to be graded for a double track, and it is agreed that the iron shall be laid by July, 1869. Upward of 1000 men are now employed on the route, and the Company confidently expect the road to be open for traffic at the time stipulated in the contracts."

The Danbury *Times* said of this road, in a recent Number, that the work is to be commenced early in the spring, that Messrs. Dillon & Co. are the contractors, and that in its western course it is located to run through Danbury. We have no means which enable us to decide whether or not the road is thus located; but it is very certain that its location must be in or near that place. A large force of engineers is now engaged (February 21) at and near Purdy's Station on the Harlem Railroad, in experimental surveys to test the feasibility of a route through that portion of Westchester. The object of this survey is doubtless to ascertain if a better and cheaper road can be obtained by running to Peekskill than by running to Fishkill. An extent of country of not less than twenty miles in width, lying between Pawling's Station on the Harlem Railroad and Purdy's on the same road, has been examined with the closest scrutiny, to find the most feasible mode of reaching the Hudson with economy and ease. A topographical map of very high value will at least be the consequence of these surveys if no road shall be constructed; but as this road received aid from the State of Massachusetts to the extent of three millions of dollars, yet to be expended, and as the Erie Railroad immediately after the recent election voted to give it the necessary help, it may be supposed reasonably certain that it will be completed by the time mentioned. Before the State granted its aid in April last the Boston Board of Trade passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Board the speedy completion of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad would be productive of vast benefit to the commerce of Boston, and would greatly promote the prosperity of New England; and they earnestly recommend that the State should grant to the enterprise such aid as the Legislature may deem judicious, by the loan, upon proper security, of the State aid."

As this road is likely to be soon constructed, we give the particulars of its lines acquired by purchase and union. One line starts at the foot of Sumner Street, Boston, and proceeds southwesterly and westerly, through Blackstone, Thompson, Putnam, Willimantic, Hartford, and Waterbury, thence it is to go to the Hudson. Another line runs from Providence to Willimantic. Another from Thompson to Southbridge, and then from Brookline through Woonsocket, Willimantic, and Middletown to New Haven. The total amounts to 425 miles, of which 235 miles are contracted and ironed.

The probability of the early completion of that portion of the road extending to the Hudson River, about sixty miles long, has stimulated the enterprise of New Haven into the incorporation of a road extending by way of Derby, the Titicus Valley, Purdy's Station, and Peekskill on the Hudson, and across the river by an elevated bridge, so as to connect with the Erie Railroad at Suffern's Station.

The feature of greatest interest about these four several routes by which the Eastern States seek a passage way over the State of New York, besides the activity which they develop, arises from the perfect confidence felt in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut that these roads can be devised and executed with the most perfect certainty, without exciting the jealousy of our own State, such as New Jersey exhibits with respect to such enterprises. Certainly it is a display on our part of a large but yet proper liberality. If we refused this accommodation the refusal would necessarily lead to the most bitter conflicts, and ultimately to the breaking up of the Union. New York must herself invoke the aid of States on her western border in her search for the coveted Western trade, and what she seeks she must grant to others. Besides, although Boston will be able by means of these new routes to reach the Hudson without ascending very high elevations, it will be impossible for her to interfere with the supremacy of New York, whether the river be crossed at or above Troy, or at Fishkill, or at Peekskill. Such supplies as reach those points from the West will float down the river to our great market, except for special reasons they are ordered to the Eastern States for local consumption. The quantity of supplies thus needed along all these lines will be immense, and doubtless support whatever roads may be laid down.

The Pacific Railroad has in great part excited this active competition, and as it will soon be running over the Rocky Mountains, freighted with the light articles of manufacture furnished from the great hive of Asiatic industry, it becomes us as well to see that New York is ready for the mighty contest that is to rouse the energy of nations. An additional track parallel with the Central line, and running through the Alleghany at the opening which the Central uses at Little Falls, will doubtless be required to carry the productions which the Pacific roads and some of these Eastern lines will so largely increase.

PROSPECTS.

The Democratic leaders have lately been in council at Washington to determine when and where the next Convention of the party shall meet to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. The President seized the occasion to show his peculiar claims upon the nomination by a defiance of Congress, and to shelve one of his rivals by nominating General M'Clellan as Minister to England. The chiefs of the party, Mr. August Belmont at their head, doubtless compared notes upon the situation, and we will now take sweet counsel with them.

The last Convention of the Democratic party, as we all remember, and do not mean to forget, met at Chicago at the end of August, 1864. The campaign of Grant in Virginia had been long; the suspense was painful, and the general disappointment at the failure of the Petersburg mine had cast a gloom over the country. Sherman had not reached Atlanta, and when he was there, what was to follow? It was one of the dark epochs of the war; and the Democratic Convention resolved to make the most of it. Horatio Seymour, as President, made an anti-war speech. The resolutions were inspired by Vallandigham, a frank secessionist. They derided the war as a failure, denounced the acts of the Government, and demanded surrender to the rebellion under the name of compromise. Upon this platform General M'Clellan and George H. Pendleton, the latter of whom had declared that the rebel States should be allowed to have their way, were nominated for President and Vice-President. The proceedings of the Convention were telegraphed with triumph through the country, and the organs and orators of the party in Chicago and elsewhere fiercely vituperated the Government and the war. The political campaign was short, sharp, and decisive. Every State that took part in the election, except Kentucky, New Jersey, and Delaware, declared against the Democratic policy of surrender to the rebellion and consequent national ruin; and of the 233 electoral votes the Democratic candidates received but 21.

Upon the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln for his second term the organs of the Democratic party devoted themselves to denunciation of the melancholy spectacle of Vice-President Johnson's drunkenness. The New York *World* described his speech as "the spewings of a drunken boor," and the Vice-President himself as "this insolent drunken brute, in comparison with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable." He was also this "clownish drunkard," "betrayed by his own beastly instincts and his boorish mind." Mr. Lincoln was murdered, and Mr. Johnson became President. From that time to this he has endeavored in every way to defeat the will of the loyal people as expressed by Congress, to surrender the late rebel States to the exclusive political supremacy of the rebels, and to abandon the freedmen wholly to the mercies of the late master class. In pursuing this policy, which undoes as far as possible the work of the war, which, if successful, would engage the country in interminable struggles, and which is repugnant to honor, reason, and patriotism, the President has ceased to be, in the eyes of the Democratic party a clown, an insolent brute, a man of beastly instincts, and a drunken boor, and has become a great constitutional statesman, whose words are no longer "spewings" but precious drops of conservative wisdom.

Under the necessary leadership of a man "with whom even Caligula's horse was respectable," the party is beginning its campaign. He is not yet nominated, and he may not be the candidate; but as his policy is that of the party, and as he commands the patronage, he is in the position of leader, whether the other chiefs approve or not. But just here begin the difficulties. It is easy to name a place for the Convention to meet—but who shall be the candidate? The West pronounces loudly and in advance for Pendleton—whose henchman is Vallandigham—and repudiation. The Eastern States, in which Democratic leaders are heavy bondholders, prefer Seymour, and as they have succeeded in calling the Convention in the city of New York, the chances of Sey-

mour's nomination are increased. But the West will come full of hope and resolution for Pendleton and repudiation.

The great Generals of the war furnish no candidate, for they naturally have no sympathy with the party which in the hour of their peril and heroism declared the war a failure and its soldiers "Lincoln's hirelings." There is no man upon whom the party unites. When the candidate is nominated the party machinery will of course be put under high-pressure to produce a factitious enthusiasm, but the bondholding Democrats will not all agree to the repudiating philosophy of Pendleton as amiably as Mr. Curtius Belmont, and while they shout against the iniquity of not taxing bonds, will do all they can to save their bonds from taxation. Indeed there is but one point upon which the great Democratic party is a unit, and that is, hostility to the equal suffrage of colored citizens. Upon this sublime principle it takes its stand, and who, upon the whole, so proper a representative of it as the Nashville Moses?

But while the chiefs consult the battle begins. In New Hampshire, where the election takes place early in March, the spirit which is to inspire the Democratic campaign in the country is already manifested. One of the orators denounces the "miserable battle-flags" in the State House at Concord, and especially hates the memory of soldiers. "I do not know," he considerately suggests, "as I would hang one-legged and one-armed soldiers, but I would pray to God to get them out of our way as soon as possible." Mr. Henry Clay Dean, a representative Democratic patriot, seizes a cane in the midst of one of his speeches, and rushes at a dissenting auditor, threatening to beat out his brains. Mr. C. Chauncey Burr, another of the same kind, contemptuously asks of the men who served in the New Hampshire regiments, or sustained them, "Who are conquered—you or the South? I say you are conquered. You can never conquer the South, and I pray God you never may." This Democratic Ajax begins the campaign of 1868 precisely where his party began it at Chicago in 1864, by declaring the war a failure, and advising us to sue for terms. Mr. Franklin Pierce also takes an active interest in the election, and his activity naturally recalls his cheerful letter to Jefferson Davis in January, 1860, in which he wrote: "The fighting will not be along Mason and Dixon's line merely; it will be within our own borders, our own streets."

All this does not seem to be very promising for the Democratic party. To be sure Mr. Vallandigham is going to speak in Connecticut, and perhaps Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. Brick Pomeroy can be persuaded to come over and help. But we remark with concern that the mass meeting of the "Prisoners of State"—that is, of men who were caught endeavoring to betray the country to the rebellion after the high Vallandigham manner, was indefinitely postponed. And amidst all this distraction and perplexity of the great party of reaction, of negro hate, and of special privilege, how exasperating to see the great party of equal rights—the party that did *not* believe the war a failure, nor invite national ruin—the party of national justice and patriotism, warmly uniting upon the wise and magnanimous chief of the army of loyal citizens as their candidate for the Presidency, and calmly insisting upon maintaining the national honor, and upon the consent not of a disaffected class but of the whole people, as their policy of reconstruction.

BUSINESS REVIVING.

There is cause for general congratulation that the country has escaped that avalanche of evils which it was predicted would overtake it during the winter just past. Instead of the prevailing distress and business stagnation of the autumn having been greatly aggravated by the lapse of time, we are able to note a marked improvement in nearly every department of industry, despite the numerous obstacles, political, financial, and otherwise, which have been interposed. We know not how much assurance of future benefit to build upon present indications, but we are disposed to make the most of them, and to take fresh courage in renewed efforts to lift our business interests out of the slough in which they have long been mired.

It is true that Congress has not shown itself particularly astute in its management of financial questions, nor has it adopted any decisive measures of positive relief. Nevertheless, what has been done is of a character to inspire confidence and effect an improvement in the business aspect of the country generally. It is now settled that there will be no disturbance of the volume of the currency for the present, one way or the other, either in the direction of expansion or contraction; repudiation is scotched, and the preservation of the public faith assured; the National Banking system will be fostered and protected; while in all that concerns taxation and expenditure progress in the right direction is perceptible.

This improvement in trade is specially noteworthy in the Southern States—due chiefly to the recent rise in the price of cotton from 15½ to 24 @ 25 cents. Under its magical influence the fleecy staple is being exhumed from dusty places of long concealment, and there is promise that the crop will exceed by 300,000 bales the highest estimate of the Fall. The local press speaks in cheerful tones of future prospects. Country merchants are generally meeting their obligations, contrary to the expectation some time ago, when cotton fell to so low a price; planters are paying up their indebtedness of 1867, and help is promised them to carry on the farming operations of the current year; negroes are inclined to make contracts; and the once despondent and apathetic are preparing to go to work to raise cotton and corn with as much animation as though they were just commencing life. In the culture of rice, too, very few have failed to make remunerative crops, while the profits of those who have held on for an advance have been very large. Under an impetus such as this land is rising in value, and tracts that have been abandoned for several years are now being taken up for cultivation. The press is most urgent in pressing upon Northern men the advantages which the present holds out to them, and there is an increasing disposition among capitalists to avail themselves of them. Within a few days past planters have been able to negotiate numerous loans here in New York.

Of course this activity at the South has its effect upon trade here, the more especially as Southern merchants are buying a fair bill of dry-goods and general merchandise for the Spring consumption. Cotton goods have materially advanced, and mills which had stopped or were running on short time are employing more hands. In the foreign Dry-Goods trade there is also a perceptible improvement, and the same is true of business generally, not only here, but in New England and the West. Down East there are signs of a disposition among the ship-builders to resume business, and several contracts have already been made. In Massachusetts the shoe business is looking up; the iron mills of Troy have started anew; locomotive works are increasing their scale of operations; the building trades here and at the West promise an amount of work for the coming season fully equal to that of last year. The Albany Board of Trade reports the business of that city as largely on the increase, and in the main prosperous. This is the pleasing information that comes to us piecemeal from various quarters. Let us hope that the promise of returning prosperity will not fail of the fulfillment; for the interests involved are of incalculable benefit to the country.

The expansion of our trade and the return of former commercial activity are indispensable to our continued vitality as a nation. Without it all legislative contrivances for reducing our burdens can avail nothing. We have heard the question of resumption and the schemes for adjusting the currency discussed from every conceivable stand-point of financial ingenuity; but any measure adopted, however wise, can never be one-half so potent as that simple productive power which grows with our annual growth and expands with the development of our resources. If we take the history of the past fifteen years as a guide, we shall readily perceive that time alone may accomplish all that is required to remedy present evils. Following the like ratio of progress, the present redundant volume of the currency will all be absorbed by the business of the country at the end of fifteen years. A nation, like an individual, can only work his way out of debt by the slow process of developing the value of his property. Fifteen years hence our greatly expanded resources, our increased productive power, and the greater volume of our products seeking exchange, will bring the value of gold and paper-money to a close approximation. Besides, our present annual gold product of $100,000,000 would of itself nearly suffice to pay off the national debt in fifteen years. The volume of our currency will rest upon no doubtful basis then, and resumption must come naturally and necessarily, if not accomplished sooner by extraneous means; but so long as the currency continues disproportionate to the commercial necessities of the country, we must suffer financial disturbance. Any decided improvement in trade is therefore to be hailed as a substantial advance made toward the final accomplishment of the great national purpose.

SYRACUSE.

The reactionary newspapers which have shouted loud and long over the result of some of the elections for supervisors in this State have not very vociferously called attention to the late city election in Syracuse. Last year the Democrats in that city elected their candidate for Mayor by some two hundred majority. This year they nominated, in eager accordance with the real tendency of the reaction, one of the most conspicuous Copperheads in the State, John A. Green, Jun. The Republicans nominated Charles Andrews, one of the delegates at large to the Republican National Convention; one of the most sagacious, able, and influential delegates in the Constitutional Convention; and a man whose personal character fitly represents the purity and humanity of his political principles. The Republicans also nominated Patrick Corbett as Justice; also a member of the Constitutional Convention, and one of the most eloquent and accomplished of the young Irishmen of New York. The contest was very warm, and was regarded with great interest as of peculiar significance. The result was the election of Mr. Andrews and his ticket by more than a hundred majority, a gain of some three hundred and sixty-four over the last spring.

This election shows that the reaction is spending itself; and it reminds the Republicans that their candidates must be both in character and ability really representative of the party, or the full vote can not be polled. If we nominate the best men we nominate the strongest. That is a truth which we hope all our Conventions, for greater or smaller nominations, will steadily bear in mind. If doubtful men are nominated from any questionable consideration their very names invite defeat, and their reputations deserve it. And the attempt of party papers, when such men are nominated, to dragoon all dissenters into supporting them, is merely a systematic demoralization of which any party will surely pay the penalty.

RAILROAD COMFORT AND SAFETY.

We have long since urged in these columns the construction of comfortable railroad cars. There seems to be no good reason why money should fail to buy that accommodation in the car which it can always secure in the hotel; and the experiment is now trying of a variety of cars. Upon the Hudson River and Central Roads there has been, during the last season, a carriage called the Palace car, which was attached to some of the through trains to Buffalo. Its movement was very steady and quiet. The car was divided into little rooms connecting by a passage along the side upon which the rooms opened. The wood was black-walnut, and the furnishing was luxurious. Mr. Vanderbilt is understood not to have smiled upon the Palace car; but we do not know for what reason. We do know, however, that many travelers found it exceedingly comfortable, and gladly paid the increase of fare which was demanded for the greater comfort.

The New Haven Road has recently placed some new cars upon the express trains to Boston, modeled upon the European car with improvements. Among these is the system of warming by hot pipes, which, upon trial on one of the coldest days of this cold season, was found to work well. Besides this convenience there is the usual bell-rope connecting with the locomotive; the closet in each apartment of the car, and the little space between the roof of the car and each partition, so that no part is absolutely separated from another. Somewhat similar carriages have been in use upon the Fall River and Boston Road for some time.

If now the same rigorous regard is shown for the safety as for the comfort of travelers, our roads should soon be the best in the world. But every body shudders in such frosty weather as we have lately seen in thinking of the horrible accidents from broken rails and wheels which the newspapers will surely unfold. Nor can public attention be too strenuously directed to the subject. There are hundreds of escapes and accidents with no fatal results which are never heard of. Even Mr. Vanderbilt discontinued some of the signal-men upon the Hudson River Road, but presently restored them. Yet there is no road in the country which is more exposed to danger, and upon every rod of which there should be such constant supervision. We hope that after the terrible experience of this winter, in which so many accidents have ended in the burning of the cars, that Mr. Vanderbilt will abolish all the stoves in his cars before another season. He has identified his name with several of the great roads that radiate from this city. If he will make them as safe as they will probably be profitable his fame will be enviable.

A correspondent who travels a great deal, and who has seen, he says, with pleasure the interest which *Harper's Weekly* takes in the welfare of travelers, writes us the following word upon "Wretched Railroads:"

"A correspondent in a late Number of your paper brings into favorable notice the management of a Vermont railroad; and justly, too, I think. But permit me to say a word of another road in the same State, but of a different nature, and that, too, upon which the sad disaster at Northfield bridge occurred only a few weeks since. But from no pecuniary interest in either of these roads, and such interest only as every traveler must have, willing or not; and that the demands of safety.

"A few weeks since, while riding over the Vermont Central, having become fatigued from the constant jolting of the cars, I arose from the seat and stood at the rear end of the car, which was also the rear of the train, and thought to vary the monotony of the long ride with views of the rugged mountain scenery exposed by the tortuous windings of the road. And here I discovered much of the cause for the severe jolting I had experienced. The tremendous freights which go thundering over this road have left their impression upon the rails in such a manner that if the officers of the Company ever pass over it, even with eyes shut, they must be reminded of neglected duty. A great part of the surface rail has become so crushed and splintered away as to certainly *suggest* accidents; and the ends fail so much of meeting in many instances that when the wheels sank and rebounded from those villainous spaces it required a firm grasp upon objects at either side to maintain a comparatively upright position. There are, perhaps, scores of roads in this country in equally bad condition, but is it wrong—or rather, is it not *right*—to particularize roads even of this sort, when the safety of thousands of lives are daily at stake? If the short-sighted policy of railroad managers looks only to stock-dividends, have not the people, by whom, indirectly, corporate privileges are granted, also some interests which deserve consideration? There are thousands who think, with you, that they have, and among the number,

"Railer No. 2."

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA.

A meeting called by Governor Fenton, the Rev. Drs. M'Clintock, Adams, Storrs, Hitchcock, Vinton, Prime, Dix, Tyng, Jun., Curry, Bishop Potter, Henry Ward Beecher, W. E. Dodge, Peter Cooper, A. A. Low, with many other leading clergymen and citizens, will be held on the evening of the 2d of March, in behalf of Washington College, Virginia. These gentlemen regard the situation and associations of the College as a peculiarly desirable point for creating an educational fund whose benefits shall be shared by all the Southern States. There is no subject more important, there is nothing more absolutely essential to peaceful reconstruction, than general education in those States. Mr. Beecher and other earnest and eloquent gentlemen are to address the meeting in aid of the College, of which General Lee is President. We trust that those who wish to do what they can to heal all national wounds will give the subject a candid and thoughtful attention.

THE JUNKER HOF OF KÖNIGSBERG.

It would be singular if in two such portly volumes as those in which William Hepworth Dixon author of "the New America," gives the world his rhapsodical theories about "spiritual wives," there should not be at least one or two good ideas, or facts, or descriptions. The good ideas are few, and the "facts" very dubious; but there is a very good description of the Junker Hof of Königsberg, which is a German lecture hall, something after the order of the English Guildhall, and a happy mixture of the lecture-room of our Cooper Institute and the Atlantic Garden. It is a picture of a lecture-hall in a Prussian city "where the churches are government offices, the preachers are police magistrates, and the services are governed by rules as stern as the articles of war."

"The Junker Hof is not, under ordinary circumstances, a desert place. Here the great merchants hold their balls; the great bankers spread their boards. Here the political battles of the town and province are fought out. Here the Rev. Dr. Julius Rupp delights a fashionable audience by his eloquence; and Dr. Jolowicz discourses to a body of reforming Jews. Any great singer who may wander into Ost Preussen is heard in the Junker Hof. The hall belongs to the city, and the use of it is only to be obtained from the town-council; but, in fact, the use of it is seldom refused when the applicants are of standing in the place. In the same room Johann Jacoby dilates to the democracy on the rights of man; and Karl Rosenkranz whispers to the higher classes on the charms of philosophy and art. I have been invited to an evening party, given in this hall, by the foreign Consuls, to the cream of the cream, where the young ladies dance and flirt, while the older people drink tea and play at whist. In a word, every thing that happens in Königsberg happens in the Junker Hof. The room is large and nobly planned, as becomes the birth-place of German liberalism, the cradle (as it boasts) of the new Fatherland. The walls are rough with gods and nymphs, with busts of heroes, kings, and poets. Two large candelabra hang from the roof. Apollo smiles from the ceiling, on which he is reclining, in bright-red paint, his lyre in hand, with Mercury and Aurora in attendance on his godship."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPEACHMENT OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

On Friday, February 21, President Johnson transmitted to both Houses of Congress a Message announcing that he had removed Secretary of War Stanton, and had appointed Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas in his place. Great excitement ensued in both Houses. The Senate at once went into executive session to consider the extraordinary action of the President, and after due deliberation passed a resolution declaring that under the Constitution and laws of the United States, by virtue of whose authority Mr. Johnson claimed to have acted, the President had no power to remove the Secretary of War and designate any other person to perform the duties of that officer *ad interim*.

In the House action was not less prompt. A resolution to the effect that Andrew Johnson be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors was offered, and referred to the Committee on Reconstruction. This resolution was reported back by the Committee on February 22, and the debate was begun with great spirit on the same day. It ended on Monday, February 24, at five o'clock P.M., when a vote was taken, and the resolution (which reads thus: "Resolved, That Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors") was adopted by a vote of 126 yeas to 47 nays.

In the mean time Adjutant-General Thomas had repeatedly demanded possession of the War-office, and had as repeatedly been refused by Secretary Stanton, who also caused his arrest for exercising or attempting to exercise the duties of the Secretary of War.

CONGRESS.

Senator Wilson's very important bill reducing the army by abolishing several grades, discharging bands, etc., passed the Senate on February 17. The Army Appropriation Bill was passed by the House on February 20. It appropriates $33,082,093 for the expenditures for the coming year.

The House on February 17 appropriated $50,000 for the relief of destitute citizens imprisoned abroad.

NEWS ITEM.

The Florida Convention adopted a Constitution on February 24, and it is to be submitted to the people on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of April. It declares universal suffrage; abolishes all proscription and test oaths; foreigners are made voters on a declaration of their intention to become citizens; and an educational suffrage qualification is provided for after the year 1880.

ADJUTANT GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS, U.S.A.

THE LOST ARM.—"I GAVE MY RIGHT ARM GLADLY."—[SEE POEM, PAGE 151.]

GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS, lately appointed by President JOHNSON as acting Secretary of War, is not, as many supposed, the famous GEORGE H. THOMAS, who defeated ZOLLICOFFER at Mill Springs, Kentucky, saved ROSECRANS's army at Chickamauga, and who held Chattanooga and Nashville. Adjutant-General LORENZO THOMAS held no command in the field during the war, but was at first employed in the War-office at Washington; he was relieved of that duty by Secretary STANTON, and ordered to the inspection and organization of the colored troops of the Southwest. Subsequently he was given charge of the national cemeteries. He is an old man, sixty-three years of age; has been in the army for forty-five years, and Adjutant-General since March 7, 1861. Our portrait above is a faithful representation of his countenance.

DOLLY'S SLEIGH-RIDE—AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE JUVENILES.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XVI.

We found my lady with no light in the room but the reading-lamp. The shade was screwed down so as to overshadow her face. Instead of looking up at us in her usual straightforward way, she sat close at the table, and kept her eyes fixed obstinately on an open book.

"Officer," she said, "is it important to the inquiry you are conducting to know beforehand if any person now in this house wishes to leave it?"

"Most important, my lady."

"I have to tell you, then, that Miss Verinder proposes going to stay with her aunt, Mrs. Ablewhite, of Frizinghall. She has arranged to leave us the first thing to-morrow morning."

Sergeant Cuff looked at me. I made a step forward to speak to my mistress—and, feeling my heart fail me (if I must own it), took a step back again, and said nothing.

"May I ask your ladyship *when* Miss Verinder first thought of going to her aunt's?" inquired the Sergeant.

"About an hour since," answered my mistress.

Sergeant Cuff looked at me once more. They say old people's hearts are not very easily moved. *My* heart couldn't have thumped much harder than it did now, if I had been five-and-twenty again!

"I have no claim, my lady," says the Sergeant, "to control Miss Verinder's actions. All I can ask you to do is to put off her departure, if possible, till later in the day. I must go to Frizinghall myself to-morrow morning—and I shall be back by two o'clock, if not before. If Miss Verinder can be kept here till that time, I should wish to say two words to her—unexpectedly—before she goes."

My lady directed me to give the coachman her orders that the carriage was not to come for Miss Rachel until two o'clock. "Have you more to say?" she asked of the Sergeant, when this had been done.

"Only one thing, your ladyship. If Miss Verinder is surprised at this change in the arrangements, please not to mention Me as being the cause of putting off her journey."

My mistress lifted her head suddenly from her book as if she was going to say something—checked herself by a great effort—and, looking back again at the open page, dismissed us with a sign of her hand.

"That's a wonderful woman," said Sergeant Cuff, when we were out in the hall again. "But for her self-control the mystery that puzzles you, Mr. Betteredge, would have been at an end to-night."

At those words the truth rushed at last into my stupid old head. For the moment I suppose I must have gone clean out of my senses. I seized the Sergeant by the collar of his coat and pinned him against the wall.

"Damn you!" I cried out, "there's something wrong about Miss Rachel—and you have been hiding it from me all this time!"

Sergeant Cuff looked up at me—flat against the wall—without stirring a hand or moving a muscle of his melancholy face.

"Ah," he said, "you've guessed it at last!"

My hand dropped from his collar, and my head sunk on my breast. Please to remember, as some excuse for my breaking out as I did, that I had served the family for fifty years. Miss Rachel had climbed upon my knees, and pulled my whiskers, many and many a time when she was a child. Miss Rachel with all her faults, had been, to my mind, the dearest and prettiest and best young mistress that ever an old servant waited on, and loved. I begged Sergeant Cuff's pardon, but I am afraid I did it with watery eyes, and not in a very becoming way.

"Don't distress yourself, Mr. Betteredge," says the Sergeant, with more kindness than I had any right to expect from him. "In my line of life, if we were quick at taking offense we shouldn't be worth salt to our porridge. If it's any comfort to you, collar me again. You don't in the least know how to do it; but I'll overlook your awkwardness in consideration of your feelings."

He curled up at the corners of his lips, and, in his own dreary way, seemed to think he had delivered himself of a very good joke.

I led him into my own little sitting-room and closed the door.

"Tell me the truth, Sergeant," I said. "What do you suspect? It's no kindness to hide it from me now."

"I don't suspect," said Sergeant Cuff. "I know."

My unlucky temper began to get the better of me again.

"Do you mean to tell me in plain English," I said, "that Miss Rachel has stolen her own Diamond?"

"Yes," says the Sergeant; "that is what I mean to tell you in so many words. Miss Verinder has been in secret possession of the Moonstone from first to last; and she has taken Rosanna Spearman into her confidence because she has calculated on our suspecting Rosanna Spearman of the theft. There is the whole case in a nut-shell. Collar me again, Mr. Betteredge. If it's any vent to your feelings, collar me again."

God help me! my feelings were not to be relieved in that way. "Give me your reasons!" That was all I could say to him.

"You shall hear my reasons to-morrow," said the Sergeant. "If Miss Verinder refuses to put off her visit to her aunt (which you will find Miss Verinder will do), I shall be obliged to lay the whole case before your mistress to-morrow. And as I don't know what may come of it, I shall request you to be present and to hear what passes on both sides. Let the matter rest for to-night. No, Mr. Betteredge, you don't get a word more on the subject of the Moonstone out of me. There is your table spread for supper. That's one of the many human infirmities which I always treat tenderly. If you will ring the bell, I'll say grace. 'For what we are going to receive—'"

"I wish you a good appetite to it, Sergeant," I said. "*My* appetite is gone. I'll wait and see you served, and then I'll ask you to excuse me if I go away and try to get the better of this by myself."

I saw him served with the best of every thing—and I shouldn't have been sorry if the best of every thing had choked him. The head gardener (Mr. Begbie) came in at the same time with his weekly account. The Sergeant got on the subject of roses and the merits of grass walks and gravel walks immediately. I left the two together, and went out with a heavy heart. This was the first trouble I remember for many a long year which wasn't to be blown off by a whiff of tobacco, and which was even beyond the reach of Robinson Crusoe.

"I SEIZED THE SERGEANT BY THE COLLAR OF HIS COAT AND PINNED HIM AGAINST THE WALL."

Being restless and miserable, and having no particular room to go to, I took a turn on the terrace, and thought it over in peace and quietness by myself. It doesn't much matter what my thoughts were. I felt wretchedly old, and worn out, and unfit for my place—and began to wonder, for the first time in my life, when it would please God to take me. With all this I held firm, notwithstanding, to my belief in Miss Rachel. If Sergeant Cuff had been Solomon in all his glory, and had told me that my young lady had mixed herself up in a mean and guilty plot, I should have had but one answer for Solomon, wise as he was: "You don't know her, and I do."

My meditations were interrupted by Samuel. He brought me a written message from my mistress.

Going into the house to get a light to read it by, Samuel remarked that there seemed a change coming in the weather. My troubled mind had prevented me from noticing it before. But, now my attention was roused, I heard the dogs uneasy, and the wind moaning low. Looking up at the sky, I saw the rack of clouds getting blacker and blacker, and hurrying faster and faster over a watery moon. Wild weather coming—Samuel was right, wild weather coming.

The message from my lady informed me that the magistrate at Frizinghall had written to remind her about the three Indians. Early in the coming week the rogues must needs be released, and left free to follow their own devices. If we had any more questions to ask them, there was no time to lose. Having forgotten to mention this when she had last seen Sergeant Cuff, my mistress now desired me to supply the omission. The Indians had gone clean out of my head (as they have, no doubt, gone clean out of yours). I didn't see much use in stirring that subject again. However, I obeyed my orders on the spot, as a matter of course.

I found Sergeant Cuff and the gardener, with a bottle of Scotch whisky between them, head over ears in an argument on the growing of roses. The Sergeant was so deeply interested that he held up his hand, and signed to me not to interrupt the discussion, when I came in. As far as I could understand it, the question between them was, whether the white moss-rose did, or did not, require to be budded on the dog-rose to make it grow well. Mr. Begbie said, Yes; and Sergeant Cuff said, No. They appealed to me as hotly as a couple of boys. Knowing nothing whatever about the growing of roses, I steered a middle course—just as her majesty's judges do, when the scales of justice bother them by hanging, even to a hair. "Gentlemen," I remarked, "there is much to be said on both sides." In the temporary lull produced by that impartial sentence I laid my lady's written message on the table under the eyes of Sergeant Cuff.

I had got by this time as nearly as might be to hate the Sergeant. But truth compels me to acknowledge that, in respect of readiness of mind, he was a wonderful man.

In half a minute after he had read the message he had looked back into his memory for Superintendent Seegrave's report; had picked out that part of it in which the Indians were concerned; and was ready with his answer. A certain great traveler, who understood the Indians and their language, had figured in Mr. Seegrave's

"'HE LOOKS AT THE BILLIARD-BALLS,' I HEARD HER SAY. 'ANY THING RATHER THAN LOOK AT *ME*!'"

report, hadn't he? Very well. Did I know the gentleman's name and address? Very well again. Would I write them on the back of my lady's message? Much obliged to me. Sergeant Cuff would look that gentleman up when he went to Frizinghall in the morning.

"Do you expect any thing to come of it?" I asked. "Superintendent Seegrave found the Indians as innocent as the babe unborn."

"Superintendent Seegrave has been proved wrong, up to this time, in all his conclusions," answered the Sergeant. "It may be worth while to find out to-morrow whether Superintendent Seegrave was wrong about the Indians as well." With that he turned to Mr. Begbie, and took up the argument again exactly at the place where it had left off. "This question between us is a question of soils and seasons, and patience and pains, Mr. Gardener. Now let me put it to you from another point of view. You take your white moss-rose—"

By that time I had closed the door on them, and was out of hearing of the rest of the dispute.

In the passage I met Penelope hanging about, and asked what she was waiting for.

She was waiting for her young lady's bell, when her young lady chose to call her back to go on with the packing for the next day's journey. Further inquiry revealed to me that Miss Rachel had given it as a reason for wanting to go to her aunt at Frizinghall that the house was unendurable to her, and that she could bear the odious presence of a policeman under the same roof with herself no longer. On being informed, half an hour since, that her departure would be delayed till two in the afternoon she had flown into a violent passion. My lady, present at the time, had severely rebuked her, and then (having apparently something to say, which was reserved for her daughter's private ear) had sent Penelope out of the room. My girl was in wretchedly low spirits about the changed state of things in the house. "Nothing goes right, father; nothing is like what it used to be. I feel as if some dreadful misfortune was hanging over us all."

That was my feeling too. But I put a good face on it before my daughter. Miss Rachel's bell rang while we were talking. Penelope ran up the back stairs to go on with the packing. I went by the other way to the hall to see what the glass said about the change in the weather.

Just as I approached the swing-door leading into the hall from the servants' offices, it was violently opened from the other side; and Rosanna Spearman ran by me, with a miserable look of pain in her face, and one of her hands pressed hard over her heart, as if the pang was in that quarter. "What's the matter, my girl?" I asked, stopping her. "Are you ill?" "For God's sake don't speak to me," she answered, and twisted herself out of my hands, and ran on toward the servants' staircase. I called to the cook (who was within hearing) to look after the poor girl. Two other persons proved to be within hearing as well as the cook. Sergeant Cuff darted softly out of my room, and asked what was the matter. I answered, "Nothing." Mr. Franklin, on the other side, pulled open the swing-door, and beckoning me into the hall, inquired if I had seen any thing of Rosanna Spearman.

"She has just passed me, Sir, with a very disturbed face, and in a very odd manner."

"I am afraid I am innocently the cause of that disturbance, Betteredge."

"You, Sir!"

"I can't explain it," says Mr. Franklin; "but if the girl *is* concerned in the loss of the Diamond I do really believe she was on the point of confessing every thing—to me, of all the people in the world—not two minutes since."

Looking toward the swing-door, as he said those last words, I fancied I saw it opened a little way from the inner side.

Was there any body listening? The door fell to before I could get to it. Looking through, the moment after, I thought I saw the tails of Sergeant Cuff's respectable black coat disappearing round the corner of the passage. He knew as well as I did that he could expect no more help from me now that I had discovered the turn which his investigations were really taking. Under those circumstances it was quite in his character to help himself, and to do it by the underground way.

Not feeling sure that I had really seen the Sergeant—and not desiring to make needless mischief, where, Heaven knows, there was mischief enough going on already—I told Mr. Franklin that I thought one of the dogs had got into the house—and then begged him to describe what had happened between Rosanna and himself.

"Were you passing through the hall, Sir?" I asked. "Did you meet her accidentally, when she spoke to you?"

Mr. Franklin pointed to the billiard-table.

"I was knocking the balls about," he said, "and trying to get this miserable business of the Diamond out of my mind. I happened to look up—and there stood Rosanna Spearman at the side of me, like a ghost! Her stealing on me in that way was so strange that I hardly knew what to do at first. Seeing a very anxious expression in her face, I asked her if she wished to speak to me. She answered, 'Yes, if I dare.' Knowing what suspicion attached to her I could only put one construction to such language as that. I confess it made me uncomfortable. I had no wish to invite the girl's confidence. At the same time, in the difficulties that now beset us, I could hardly feel justified in refusing to listen to her, if she was really bent on speaking to me. It was an awkward position; and I dare say I got out of it awkwardly enough. I said to her, 'I don't quite understand you. Is there any thing you want me to do?' Mind, Betteredge, I didn't speak unkindly! The poor girl can't help being ugly—I felt that at the time. The cue was still in my hand, and I went on knocking the balls about, to take off the awkwardness of the thing. As it turned out I only made matters worse still. I'm afraid I mortified her without meaning it! She suddenly turned away. 'He looks at the billiard-balls,' I heard her say. 'Any thing rather than look at *me!*' Before I could stop her she had left the hall. I am not quite easy about it, Betteredge. Would you mind telling Rosanna that I meant no unkindness? I have been a little hard on her, perhaps, in my own thoughts—I have almost hoped that the loss of the Diamond might be traced to *her*. Not from any ill-will to the poor girl; but—" He stopped there, and, going back to the billiard-table, began to knock the balls about once more.

After what had passed between the Sergeant and me I knew what it was that he had left unspoken as well as he knew it himself.

Nothing but the tracing of the Moonstone to our second house-maid could now raise Miss Rachel above the infamous suspicion that rested on her in the mind of Sergeant Cuff. It was no longer a question of quieting my young lady's nervous excitement; it was a question of proving her innocence. If Rosanna had done nothing to compromise herself, the hope which Mr. Franklin confessed to having felt would have been hard enough on her in all conscience. But this was not the case. She had pretended to be ill, and had gone secretly to Frizinghall. She had been up all night, making something, or destroying something, in private. And she had been at the Shivering Sand that evening under circumstances which were highly suspicious, to say the least of them. For all these reasons (sorry as I was for Rosanna) I could not but think that Mr. Franklin's way of looking at the matter was neither unnatural nor unreasonable, in Mr. Franklin's position. I said a word to him to that effect.

"Yes, yes!" he said, in return. "But there is just a chance—a very poor one, certainly—that Rosanna's conduct may admit of some explanation which we don't see at present. I hate hurting a woman's feelings, Betteredge! Tell the poor creature what I told you to tell her. And if she wants to speak to me—I don't care whether I get into a scrape or not—send her to me in the library." With those kind words he laid down the cue and left me.

Inquiry at the servants' offices informed me that Rosanna had retired to her own room. She had declined all offers of assistance with thanks, and had only asked to be left to rest in quiet. Here, therefore, was an end of any confession on her part (supposing she really had a confession to make) for that night. I reported the result to Mr. Franklin, who, thereupon, left the library, and went up to bed.

I was putting the lights out, and making the windows fast, when Samuel came in with news of the two guests whom I had left in my room. The argument about the white moss-rose had apparently come to an end at last. The gardener had gone home, and Sergeant Cuff was nowhere to be found in the lower regions of the house.

I looked into my room. Quite true—nothing was to be discovered there but a couple of empty tumblers and a strong smell of hot grog. Had the Sergeant gone of his own accord to the bed-chamber that was prepared for him? I went up stairs to see.

After reaching the second landing I thought I heard a sound of quiet and regular breathing on my left-hand side. My left-hand side led to the corridor which communicated with Miss Rachel's room. I looked in, and there, coiled up on three chairs placed right across the passage—there, with a red handkerchief tied round his grizzled head, and his respectable black coat rolled up for a pillow, lay and slept Sergeant Cuff!

He woke, instantly and quietly, like a dog, the moment I approached him.

"Good-night, Mr. Betteredge," he said. "And mind, if you ever take to growing roses, the white moss-rose is all the better for *not* being budded on the dog-rose, whatever the gardener may say to the contrary!"

"What are you doing here?" I asked. "Why are you not in your proper bed?"

"I am not in my proper bed," answered the Sergeant, "because I am one of the many people in this miserable world who can't earn their money honestly and easily at the same time. There was a coincidence, this evening, between the period of Rosanna Spearman's return from the Sands and the period when Miss Verinder took her resolution to leave the house. Whatever Rosanna may have hidden it's clear to my mind that your young lady couldn't go away until she knew that it *was* hidden. The two must have communicated privately once already to-night. If they try to communicate again, when the house is quiet, I want to be in the way, and stop it. Don't blame me for upsetting your sleeping arrangements, Mr. Betteredge—blame the Diamond."

"I wish to God the Diamond had never found its way into this house!" I broke out.

Sergeant Cuff looked with a rueful face at the three chairs on which he had condemned himself to pass the night.

"So do I," he said, gravely.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nothing happened in the night; and (I am happy to add) no attempt at communication between Miss Rachel and Rosanna rewarded the vigilance of Sergeant Cuff.

I had expected the Sergeant to set off for Frizinghall the first thing in the morning. He waited about, however, as if he had something else to do first. I left him to his own devices; and going into the grounds shortly after met Mr. Franklin on his favorite walk by the shrubbery side.

Before we had exchanged two words the Sergeant unexpectedly joined us. He made up to Mr. Franklin, who received him, I must own, haughtily enough. "Have you any thing to say to me?" was all the return he got for politely wishing Mr. Franklin good-morning.

"I have something to say to you, Sir," answered the Sergeant, "on the subject of the inquiry I am conducting here. You detected the turn that inquiry was really taking yesterday. Naturally enough, in your position, you are shocked and distressed. Naturally enough, also, you visit your own angry sense of your own family scandal upon Me."

"What do you want?" Mr. Franklin broke in, sharply enough.

"I want to remind you, Sir, that I have at any rate, thus far, not been *proved* to be wrong. Bearing that in mind, be pleased to remember, at the same time, that I am an officer of the law acting here under the sanction of the mistress of the house. Under these circumstances, is it, or is it not, your duty as a good citizen to assist me with any special information which you may happen to possess?"

"I possess no special information," says Mr. Franklin.

Sergeant Cuff put that answer by him, as if no answer had been made.

"You may save my time, Sir, from being wasted on an inquiry at a distance," he went on, "if you choose to understand me and speak out."

"I don't understand you," answered Mr. Franklin; "and I have nothing to say."

"One of the female servants (I won't mention names) spoke to you privately, Sir, last night."

Once more Mr. Franklin cut him short; once more Mr. Franklin answered, "I have nothing to say."

Standing by in silence, I thought of the movement in the swing-door, on the previous evening, and of the coat-tails which I had seen disappearing down the passage. Sergeant Cuff had, no doubt, just heard enough before I interrupted him to make him suspect that Rosanna had relieved her mind by confessing something to Mr. Franklin Blake.

This notion had barely struck me—when who should appear at the end of the shrubbery walk but Rosanna Spearman in her own proper person! She was followed by Penelope, who was evidently trying to make her retrace her steps to the house. Seeing that Mr. Franklin was not alone Rosanna came to a stand-still, evidently in great perplexity what to do next. Penelope waited behind her. Mr. Franklin saw the girls as soon as I saw them. The Sergeant, with his devilish cunning, took on not to have noticed them at all. All this happened in an instant. Before either Mr. Franklin or I could say a word Sergeant Cuff struck in smoothly, with an appearance of continuing previous conversation.

"You needn't be afraid of harming the girl, Sir," he said, to Mr. Franklin, speaking in a loud voice, so that Rosanna might hear him. "On the contrary, I recommend you to honor me with your confidence, if you feel any interest in Rosanna Spearman."

Mr. Franklin instantly took on not to have noticed the girls either. He answered, speaking loudly on his side:

"I take no interest whatever in Rosanna Spearman."

I looked toward the end of the walk. All I saw at the distance was that Rosanna suddenly turned round the moment Mr. Franklin had spoken. Instead of resisting Penelope, as she had done the moment before, she now let my daughter take her by the arm and lead her back to the house.

The breakfast-bell rang as the two girls disappeared—and even Sergeant Cuff was now obliged to give it up as a bad job! He said to me quietly, "I shall go to Frizinghall, Mr. Betteredge; and I shall be back before two." He went his way without a word more—and for some few hours we were well rid of him.

"You must make it right with Rosanna," Mr. Franklin said to me when we were alone. "I seem to be fated to say or do something awkward before that unlucky girl. You must have seen yourself that Sergeant Cuff laid a trap for both of us. If he could confuse *me*, or irritate *her* into breaking out, either she or I might have said something which would answer his purpose. On the spur of the moment I saw no better way out of it than the way I took. It stopped the girl from saying any thing, and it showed the Sergeant that I saw through him. He was evidently listening, Betteredge, when I was speaking to you last night."

He had done worse than listen, as I privately thought to myself. He had remembered my telling him that the girl was in love with Mr. Franklin; and he had calculated on *that* when he appealed to Mr. Franklin's interest in Rosanna—in Rosanna's hearing.

"As to listening, Sir," I remarked (keeping the other point to myself), "we shall all be rowing in the same boat if this sort of thing goes on much longer. Prying and peeping and listening are the natural occupations of people situated as we are. In another day or two, Mr. Franklin, we shall all be struck dumb together—for this reason that we shall all be listening to surprise each other's secrets, and all know it. Excuse my breaking out, Sir. The horrid mystery hanging over us in this house gets into my head like liquor and makes me wild. I won't forget what you have told me. I'll take the first opportunity of making it right with Rosanna Spearman."

"You haven't said any thing to her yet about last night, have you?" Mr. Franklin asked.

"No, Sir."

"Then say nothing now. I had better not invite the girl's confidence, with the Sergeant on the look-out to surprise us together. My conduct is not very consistent, Betteredge—is it? I see no way out of this business which isn't dreadful to think of unless the Diamond is traced to Rosanna. And yet I can't and won't help Sergeant Cuff to find the girl out."

Unreasonable enough, no doubt. But it was my state of mind as well. I thoroughly understood him. If you will, for once in your life, remember that you are mortal perhaps you will thoroughly understand him too.

The state of things, indoors and out, while Sergeant Cuff was on his way to Frizinghall, was briefly this:

Miss Rachel waited for the time when the carriage was to take her to her aunt's, still obstinately shut up in her own room. My lady and Mr. Franklin breakfasted together. After breakfast Mr. Franklin took one of his sudden resolutions and went out precipitately to quiet his mind by a long walk. I was the only person who saw him go; and he told me he should be back before the Sergeant returned. The change in the weather, foreshadowed overnight, had come. Heavy rain had been followed, soon after dawn, by high wind. It was blowing fresh as the day got on. But though the clouds threatened more than once the rain still held off. It was not a bad day for a walk, if you were young and strong, and could breast the great gusts of wind which came sweeping in from the sea.

I attended my lady after breakfast, and assisted her in the settlement of our household accounts. She only once alluded to the matter of the Moonstone, and that was in the way of forbidding any present mention of it between us. "Wait till that man comes back," she said, meaning the Sergeant. "We *must* speak of it then: we are not obliged to speak of it now."

After leaving my mistress I found Penelope waiting for me in my room.

"I wish, father, you would come and speak to Rosanna," she said. "I am very uneasy about her."

I suspected what was the matter readily enough. But it is a maxim of mine that men (being superior creatures) are bound to improve women—if they can. When a woman wants me to do any thing (my daughter or not it doesn't matter), I always insist on knowing why. The oftener you make them rummage their own minds for a reason, the more manageable you will find them in all the relations of life. It isn't their fault (poor wretches!) that they act first, and think afterward; it's the fault of the fools who humor them.

Penelope's reason why, on this occasion, may be given in her own words. "I'm afraid, father," she said, "Mr. Franklin has hurt Rosanna cruelly without intending it."

"What took Rosanna into the shrubbery walk?" I asked.

"Her own madness," says Penelope; "I can call it nothing else. She was bent on speaking to Mr. Franklin this morning come what might of it. I did my best to stop her; you saw that. If I could only have got her away before she heard those dreadful words—"

"There! there!" I said, "don't lose your head. I can't call to mind that any thing happened to alarm Rosanna."

"Nothing to alarm her, father. But Mr. Franklin said he took no interest whatever in her—and, oh, he said it in such a cruel voice!"

"He said it to stop the Sergeant's mouth?" I answered.

"I told her that," says Penelope. "But you see, father (though Mr. Franklin isn't to blame), he's been mortifying and disappointing her for weeks and weeks past; and now this comes on the top of it all! She has no right, of course, to expect him to take any interest in her. It's quite monstrous that she should forget herself and her station in that way. But she seems to have lost pride and proper feeling and every thing. She frightened me, father, when Mr. Franklin said those words. They seemed to turn her into stone. A sudden quiet came over her, and she has gone about her work ever since like a woman in a dream."

I began to feel a little uneasy. There was something in the way Penelope put it which silenced my superior sense. I called to mind, now my thoughts were directed that way, what had passed between Mr. Franklin and Rosanna overnight. She looked cut to the heart on that occasion; and now, as ill-luck would have it, she had been unavoidably stung again, poor soul, on the tender place. Sad! sad!—all the more sad because the girl had no reason to justify her, and no right to feel it.

I had promised Mr. Franklin to speak to Rosanna, and this seemed the fittest time for keeping my word.

We found the girl sweeping the corridor outside the bedrooms, pale and composed, and neat as ever in her modest print dress. I noticed a curious dimness and dullness in her eyes—not as if she had been crying, but as if she had been looking at something too long. Possibly it was a misty something raised by her own thoughts. There was certainly no object about her to look at which she had not seen already hundreds on hundreds of times.

"Cheer up, Rosanna!" I said. "You mustn't fret over your own fancies. I have got something to say to you from Mr. Franklin."

I thereupon put the matter in the right view before her, in the friendliest and most comforting words I could find. My principles, in regard to the other sex, are, as you may have noticed, very severe. But somehow or other when I come face to face with the women my practice (I own) is not conformable.

"Mr. Franklin is very kind and considerate. Please to thank him." That was all the answer she made me.

My daughter had already noticed that Rosanna went about her work like a woman in a dream.

I now added to this observation that she also listened and spoke like a woman in a dream. I doubted if her mind was in a fit condition to take in what I had said to her.

"Are you quite sure, Rosanna, that you understand me?" I asked.

"Quite sure."

She echoed me, not like a living woman, but like a creature moved by machinery. She went on sweeping all the time. I took away the broom as gently and as kindly as I could.

"Come, come, my girl!" I said, "this is not like yourself. You have got something on your mind. I'm your friend—and I'll stand your friend, even if you have done wrong. Make a clean breast of it, Rosanna—make a clean breast of it!"

The time had been, when my speaking to her in that way would have brought the tears into her eyes. I could see no change in them now.

"Yes," she said, "I'll make a clean breast of it."

"To my lady?" I asked.

"No."

"To Mr. Franklin?"

"Yes; to Mr. Franklin."

I hardly knew what to say to that. She was in no condition to understand the caution against speaking to him in private, which Mr. Franklin had directed me to give her. Feeling my way, little by little, I only told her Mr. Franklin had gone out for a walk.

"It doesn't matter," she answered. "I sha'n't trouble Mr. Franklin to-day."

"Why not speak to my lady?" I said. "The way to relieve your mind is to speak to the merciful and Christian mistress who has always been kind to you."

She looked at me for a moment with a grave and steady attention, as if she was fixing what I said in her mind. Then she took the broom out of my hands, and moved off with it slowly, a little way down the corridor.

"No," she said, going on with her sweeping, and speaking to herself; "I know a better way of relieving my mind than that."

"What is it?"

"Please to let me go on with my work."

Penelope followed her, and offered to help her.

She answered, "No. I want to do my work. Thank you, Penelope." She looked round at me. "Thank you, Mr. Betteredge."

There was no moving her—there was nothing more to be said. I signed to Penelope to come away with me. We left her, as we had found her, sweeping the corridor like a woman in a dream.

"This is a matter for the doctor to look into," I said. "It's beyond me."

My daughter reminded me of Mr. Candy's illness, owing (as you may remember) to the chill he had caught on the night of the dinner-party. His assistant—a certain Mr. Ezra Jennings—was at our disposal, to be sure. But nobody knew much about him in our parts. He had been engaged by Mr. Candy under rather peculiar circumstances; and, right or wrong, we none of us liked him or trusted him. There were other doctors at Frizinghall. But they were strangers to our house; and Penelope doubted, in Rosanna's present state, whether strangers might not do her more harm than good.

I thought of speaking to my lady. But, remembering the heavy weight of anxiety which she already had on her mind, I hesitated to add to all the other vexations this new trouble. Still, there was a necessity for doing something. The girl's state was, to my thinking, downright alarming—and my mistress ought to be informed of it. Unwillingly enough I went to her sitting-room. No one was there. My lady was shut up with Miss Rachel. It was impossible for me to see her till she came out again.

I waited in vain till the clock on the front staircase struck the quarter to two. Five minutes afterward I heard my name called from the drive outside the house. I knew the voice directly. Sergeant Cuff had returned from Frizinghall.

DOLLY'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

Our young friends, whose coasting days for the present season are now about ended, will not fail to enjoy the pleasing picture which we give on page 148, and which will speak for itself to every intelligent child.

THE DENUNCIATING DOG.

For many people horrors have an irresistible charm, and the more horrible the horrors are the better they like them, especially if founded on a ground-work of fact. Among these, the sale and serving of human flesh in unsuspected forms has ever been a favorite topic with the lovers of the hideous and the terrible. From the time of the Arabian Nights to the present date, many a listening ear has been fascinated by accounts of how monsters in human shape (a race of criminals, it is believed, now quite extinct) beguiled honest and healthy-appetited men into acts of unconscious cannibalism. It is a pleasure analogous to hearing the rain beat and the tempest howl while you are snugly ensconced in your chimney-corner. It is so utterly unlikely, so impossible, now, that you should be made, under any conceivable circumstances, to commit true and real anthropophagy, that it merely gives you a pleasing shudder, a delightful fright, when you hear of such things occurring in by-gone times. They are legendary lore, you think, no more authentic than Bluebeard's biography; their actors are imaginary beings, as unsupported by fact as European ogres or Oriental ghouls. Such legendary tales have, nevertheless, been almost always taken from history. In such cases, to arrive at the historical fact, it suffices to strip it of the details superadded by popular credulity.

Thus, many a child has been frightened by nurses' tales about butchers and pastry-cooks selling human flesh in Paris. Those tales were doubtless greatly exaggerated; nay, we might utterly refuse to credit them, if such facts were not attested by authentic documents. In parchment records, several centuries old, it is stated that a butcher at Tournus, a small town in Burgundy, publicly sold human flesh, passing it off for veal. Another memorable instance occurred in the year of grace 1260, when Louis the Ninth, commonly called Saint Louis, was king of France.

At that time there dwelt at the corner of the Rue des Deux-Ermites, at the entrance of the Rue des Marmousets, a master-barber, whose name was Olivier Galipaud. With the usual obsequiousness and gossip of his brethren, he handled the razor with unusual dexterity. His reputation, consequently, stood high, and his customers were well-to-do and numerous.

Master Galipaud's next-door neighbor was a pastry-cook named Grimaldi, a native of Florence, who drove, in his way, as flourishing a business as his friend Galipaud. His shop was one of the best frequented in town. Certain little patties, made after a receipt of his own, were sought by epicures from every quarter. The patties, in fact, were prepared with considerable skill; they were better seasoned, and more delicately flavored, than any to be had of other pastry-cooks. He sold an enormous quantity every day. As a matter of course, he made a deal of money by them.

One Christmas-eve, as it was getting dark, a bell-ringer at the cathedral of Nôtre Dame named Lefèvre, as he was passing down the Rue des Marmousets, had the unlucky idea of getting shaved. He stepped into Galipaud's shop, accompanied by a little spaniel called Carpillon. At a sign from his master the dog lay down in a corner of the shop near the door, while he himself went into the back shop, where the barber awaited him, napkin in hand.

A few minutes afterward Carpillon suddenly heard a groan, immediately followed by a dull heavy sound, like that of a door shut firmly to. The dog pricked his ears, jumped on his feet, and rushed into the back shop, barking loudly. He searched for his master, but no master was to be found. The bell-ringer had disappeared. Something strange and horrible must have occurred, for the dog could not be made to cease from howling. Galipaud, in a rage, seized a thick stick, with the evident intention of knocking the dog on the head. Carpillon avoided the blow, and, becoming furious in turn, attacked the barber's legs, which he bit severely in several places. After wreaking this partial vengeance, he retreated under a heavy piece of furniture, where he recommenced his cries and yells.

While this was going on two of the bell-ringer's friends entered the barber's shop. Carpillon, recognizing them at once, crept out of his retreat, ran toward them, and renewed his plaintive lamentations.

"Why, it's Carpillon!" one of them exclaimed. "What is the matter, Carpillon? Where is your master?"

These words redoubled the dog's excitement. He rushed again upon the barber, and followed him to the further end of his back shop. The two men followed, thinking to calm him; but they stopped short, as if petrified, at beholding Galipaud hastily pick up a bloody night-cap. The barber's fearful pallor, his haggard eyes, his strange embarrassment, were a complete revelation for these two witnesses. They turned pale, and trembled with horror themselves. "Lefèvre has been murdered!" they involuntarily exclaimed.

The words struck Galipaud like a thunder-bolt. He saw that he was lost, and tried to escape. The bell-ringer's friends barred the passage, shouting for help. In a few minutes the shop was crowded. The legal authorities soon arrived. They then set about searching the premises, which speedily resulted in a frightful discovery.

Olivier Galipaud was a practiced assassin, and Grimaldi, the pastry-cook, was his accomplice.

In the barber's back shop they found a trap-door, swinging on a hinge, and opening into the cellar beneath. As soon as the wretch had cut a victim's throat, he threw him down backward upon the trap-door, and the body immediately disappeared. At night, after the commission of every murder, Galipaud went down into his cellar, and cut up the body into joints, exactly as a professional butcher would. The head and the bones were put into a sack, to be thrown into the Seine at the first opportunity. The flesh was sold to his gossip Grimaldi; and it was with this meat that the wretch made the famous patties which all Paris enjoyed with so keen a relish. A small door, excavated in the foundation of the building, established a communication between the adjoining cellars occupied by this couple of cannibal accomplices.

The number of persons murdered by Galipaud could never be precisely ascertained. When the officers of justice searched the cellar, they found, besides the Nôtre Dame bell-ringer's corpse, two heads separated from their bodies. They were still lying close to the butcher's block on which the horrid monster used to cut up human flesh. Probably he had not had time during the preceding night to go and throw them into the river. A few days after their arrest these atrocious villains received the chastisement due to their crimes by being burned alive in the Place de Grève. The house where such deeds had been committed was demolished. A large square stone marked the accursed spot; and on the stone was sculptured the likeness of the faithful dog, who had avenged his master by denouncing the criminals to justice.

THE LOST ARM.

[*See Illustration, page 148.*]

"You were at Cold Harbor, soldier?"
"Ay, lady, that I was,
Fighting for home and freedom,
The Union and the laws.
I got a ball in my thigh there,
But I limp'd on through the days
When death seem'd clutching the army
In the swamp's bewildering maze."

"You were at South Mountain, soldier?"
"Ay, lady, I mind that day,
For the fight was long and bloody
Ere the stubborn foe gave way.
When our Colonel fell I caught him;
He died in my arms that night,
And I buried him on the mountain
By the moon's sad, misty light."

"You fought under Sherman, soldier?"
"Ay, lady, that I did;
Through blood, and fire, and slaughter,
I followed where he led.
I went through Atlanta with him,
As proud as a man could be,
And I followed him without flinching
From the mountains to the sea."

"You have lost an arm, brave soldier?"
"Lady, my loss is gain;
For I gave my right arm gladly,
And smiled at the bitter pain.
I gave it for home and country,
For the Flag of the boy in blue;
And had they needed the other
I'd have given it gladly too."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In this age of inventions paper is made to serve the purpose of wood, and wood, in turn, to serve the purpose of paper. In addition to greenbacks and stamps, cuffs, collars, shirt-bosoms, buttons, hats and bonnets, and numerous other similar articles, pails, buckets, barrels, and spittoons are now made from paper; and even boats have been constructed from this substance. A Portland paper describes a paper boat which is thirty-one and a half feet long, and weighs only twenty-two pounds, yet is four times stronger than a similar one made of wood. The displacement of water by such a craft will be very much less than that of a wooden boat, and the same exertion will propel it proportionately faster. Years ago, before the fashion of thick shoes for ladies was adopted, it was a standing reproach to them, in the opinion of many, that they exposed their health by walking in so-called "paper-soled" shoes. But now paper has really and legitimately entered into the manufacture of boots and shoes. The Japanese make excellent water-proof clothing from paper; and it has been suggested that shirts, hosiery, and other kinds of under-clothing be produced from this substance. This is not unlikely to be done at some future time; and we may expect, also, that houses and ships can be constructed in part, at least, of paper.

But a new invention has been attracting public notice, which threatens to supersede the use of common house-paper for covering walls. A very delicate, simple, and beautiful machine has been constructed which will take a portion of a tree, after it has been cut the right length and width, and shave it up into thin ribbons as wide as a roll of house-paper, making one hundred or one hundred and fifty to the inch. These rolls of wood are placed on the walls by paper-hangers with paste and brush, precisely in the same manner with paper. The wood is wet when used, and really works easier than paper, because it is much more tough and pliable. Any kind of wood can be selected to suit the taste, and the ordinary kinds are very cheap as well as handsome. The wood can be oiled, varnished, or shellacked, and then washed at pleasure, and thus kept perfectly clean. It will not crack or split in using, and when on the walls stands like solid work. Ceilings may be finished to correspond with the walls, either in plain wood or in panels of any of the rare woods. The invention is likely to prove a valuable one.

A few days ago a peddler in this city wished to sell to a woman a patent "non-explosive" kerosene lamp, and called at her residence for the purpose. To convince her of its good qualities he filled it with kerosene oil and lighted it. In a moment after it exploded, burning the woman terribly about the face, body, and arms. The peddler, frightened at the consequences of his act, fled from the room, leaving his stock of lamps behind. The woman died soon afterward.

The rumor that Secretary Seward has bought Saturn's ring, Jupiter's moons, and half a dozen asteroids, is contradicted. But recently, in the House of Representatives, an amendment was offered to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, authorizing the Secretary of State to appoint an agent to enter into negotiations for the purchase of empires, kingdoms, rebellions, wars, volcanoes, icebergs, snow and rain storms, earthquakes, and submerged or undiscovered islands, instructing him to negotiate for the purchase of Great Britain; and in the event of that kingdom not being for sale to negotiate for war, provided it shall not cost more than $15,000,000 nor last over sixty days, the amount of any purchase to be liquidated as follows: Russian bears at $10 each, the purchaser to take them as they run; walruses $1 each, the purchaser to catch them at his own expense; Sitka Indians to be thrown in without cost; icebergs at twenty-five cents per ton, the purchaser to break his own ice; rain-storms at one cent per barrel, the purchaser to furnish his own barrels; valcanoes at $50 each, with a stipulation that they shall not shake the confidence of the State Department. The proposed amendment caused considerable merriment in the House, but was ruled out of order.

An exchange says there is no need of buying umbrellas. They can easily be procured without—thusly: Take your stand in a doorway on a rainy day. As soon as you see a man with a nice umbrella, step out and say to him: "Sir, I beg your pardon, but you have my umbrella!" Nine times in ten he will surrender it at once, for how does he know it was not you he stole it from?

The number of children in the Colored Orphan Asylum is now about two hundred and fifty. The total number admitted since the opening of the Institution is 1442. The managers find themselves unable to carry out their original design of erecting a new building, although they have land sufficient for the purpose, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues and One Hundred and Forty-third and One Hundred and Forty-fourth streets. The present high price of labor and material renders it impossible to complete the building with the existing funds.

The New York Infirmary for Women and Children during last year received 137 patients, visited 545 at their homes, and attended 6354 at the Dispensary. The Trustees propose, during the coming year, to provide instruction in anatomy, and in some other branches of medicine for ladies. During last spring eight ladies received the elementary medical instruction provided by the Institution. The Woman's Aid Society have received at their Home 151 destitute women since the opening of the Institution in April last. One hundred of these have been placed in suitable institutions. The object of the managers of this Institution is to take women sent to the Work-House on Blackwell's Island and reform them, if need there be, by giving them the advantages of a home while receiving religious instruction, and then enabling them to get a respectable livelihood. The Society also aims to take under its protection young women who desire a refuge from the dangers to which, from their destitution, they are exposed in this city.

Pennsylvania has one very considerate legislator. He recently began his speech with the remark that as debate cost the State one thousand dollars an hour he would be brief. If he kept his promise he showed that he was also very sensible.

What next? A man in Chicago recently attempted to swallow a common billiard-ball on a bet. By covering it with sweet-oil he succeeded in getting it in his mouth, but that was all. He couldn't swallow it, nor could he get it out of his mouth. Surgical aid was called, and after a long and painful operation the delicate morsel was removed. The ball was evidently in the wrong "pocket."

In July, 1861, the following dispatch was received at the Washington office, being dated at New York, and addressed to a member of one of the regiments then quartered at Arlington Heights: "Your wife wishes to know if you are dead, alive, or wounded. If dead, please send the body on."

The school-boys in England have taken to playing the game of Fenianism. It would seem to be a sport not unattended with danger. At the National School, at Newbury, for instance, the lads were amusing themselves with a mimic representation of the Fenian execution at Manchester. Three of them volunteered to take the disagreeable parts of the men who were hanged. The result was that one of the foolish fellows was nearly strangled. At another school several little boys were playing at a game which they called "Fenians," when two Irishmen came up, and not liking the sport, they seized a boy of seven, named Warrington, and while one held him the other put some gunpowder into his trowsers and set it on fire. The poor child was very much burned.

A visitor to one of the cheap eating-houses in Glasgow, Scotland, describes the rooms as well-lighted, and every thing scrupulously clean. For a penny a bowl of nice hot broth or a cup of coffee is given. For about ten cents barley broth, bread and butter, meat and potatoes, and a cup of tea is served, all of which is excellent in quality. The waiters receive no gratuity from guests, wear a neat and tidy costume, and seem to be very modest and well-behaved. In these eating-houses a part of each floor is especially arranged for ladies who desire a quiet, inexpensive meal.

The Mormons of Salt Lake City have an immense tabernacle, which will seat ten thousand people. One and a half million feet of lumber were used in the building. Inside of this immense structure is the grand organ, standing upon a base 23 feet wide by 30 deep. The front of this organ is octagonal in form, rising to the height of 45 feet. It contains 2200 pipes, 2 banks of keys, and 35 stops on the register. It contains 3500 feet of lumber, which was brought on wagons from Iron County, a distance of 300 miles. The longest piece of lumber used in the pipes of the organ is 25 feet in length. The lumber of which this organ is built has been three years in seasoning. It requires four men to blow the bellows.

The following joke is at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals: A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the Society and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim. "I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon;" and he swings his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the President. "But where was this wolf?" inquires the latter; "what had he done to you?" "He had just devoured my wife," is the reply. The President reflects an instant, and then says: "My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

The largest organ in the world is credited to the little city of Freyburg, Switzerland. When in full play it pours forth a tempest of sounds through a forest of pipes seven thousand and eight hundred in number, shaking the walls and the foundations of the old St. Nicholas Church in which it stands.

POACHING.

Game is a subject of legislation by almost every nation—certainly by all civilized countries—and poaching, in one shape or another, is made punishable as a crime. Originally, in England, to kill the game in the ancient forests of the kingdom was equivalent to murder, and punished as such. Only forty years ago a "property qualification" was necessary in order to have the privilege of shooting game in England, and this qualification was fixed as high as that which gave the citizen the right to vote. This was abolished in 1831, but at this time every hunter who wishes to enjoy a day's sport must carry with him a certificate which grants the privilege at an annual cost of about $20 as duty. Persons caught shooting hares without a certificate or within any inclosure are punished with three months' imprisonment; if the animal hunted happens to be a deer the punishment is transportation for seven years. In this country the game laws are intended to protect game from pursuit when not in season; and the term "poacher" is only applied to trespassers on forbidden ground.

In France the laws against poaching are as severe as were those of England in ancient days; and the surprised poacher, in our beautiful illustration on page 152, knows that his only safety is in successful resistance. He knows that the law has no mercy, and caught in the act of killing the Emperor's deer, he next raises his gun at the breast of the Emperor's game-guard. The poachers of France are a desperate class of men, and frequently do not hesitate to murder the guards as well as kill the game.

THE FRENCH POACHER AT BAY.—[See Page 151.]

WOLVES ATTACKING A STAG ON THE ICE—A SIBERIAN SCENE.—DRAWN BY H. C. BISPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 154.]

SOMETHING ABOUT WOLVES.

We give on page 153 an illustration representing a pack of wolves attacking a deer upon the ice. The deer has evidently been pursued in the forest, and sought the ice as a refuge, just as he would seek a pond in summer. His swiftness avails him little on the smooth surface. His feet have no hold upon the ice, either to advance or turn about, and the wolves have overtaken and surrounded him. He is fighting as best he can, and is no mean adversary to his assailants, but his hours are numbered, and the hungry pursuers are already certain of their meal.

The wolf is found, in a variety of species, in most countries included in the temperate zones. He is black, brown, or gray, large, medium, or small, according to his climate, ancestry, and mode of life. He is supposed to thrive where other animals find it difficult to exist, and a region "so poor that a wolf could not make a living in it" is not considered of much value. He rarely displays genuine courage, and does not venture an attack unless the odds are largely in his favor. He has a sneaking disposition, and his name the world over has little respect attached to it. Wolves generally hunt in packs, and have a systematic way of worrying game too large to be overpowered by direct assault. Half a dozen of them will surround a buffalo, and, while some annoy him in front and others at the sides, one or two of the oldest will attack his hamstrings. They appear to understand that when once hamstrung an animal is in their power, and his capture is only a question of time. In assaulting a bull, stag, or other powerful beast, wolves are said to relieve each other in the most exposed positions; but though persistent in worrying their expected prey they are not inclined to take great risks.

The wolf is not beloved by man in any part of the world, and his destruction is accomplished whenever possible. He is trapped, pursued, baited, or poisoned in this country, especially in the Eastern States and the Canadian provinces. In the West the same plans are followed, and sometimes a "circle-hunt" secures a large number. In circle hunting a time is appointed for the sport, and the hunters gather at a designated spot. A tract of land, sometimes including many square miles, is surrounded and the game slowly driven toward its centre. Approaching the centre the lines are firmly closed, and the wolves, or any other animals that happen in the ring, are speedily dispatched. In Russia at a hunt of this kind fire-arms are excluded, and the killing is done with spears. Two years ago the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia ordered a circle-hunt for which he gathered all the soldiers and many of the peasants in a district as large as the State of New Jersey. After the circle was formed it was two days in closing, and when the hunt was over a hundred and fifty wolf-skins were the net result.

There is a popular belief that wolves are dangerous, and often pursue men in various parts of Russia. In the western provinces of the empire it sometimes happens in very severe winters that travelers are attacked by wolves; but such occurrences are rare. The real objects of attack are the horses attached to the sledge, and not the persons within; but when once a train is overtaken the wolves, desperate with hunger, do not make nice distinctions of flesh. Stories of the most thrilling character used to be in circulation, but were nearly all fabrications. One of them told how a party of six persons was pursued, and that the wolves gained so rapidly that one of the six jumped from the sleigh to be eaten up in order to retard the pursuit and allow his friends to escape. Having lunched on this man the wolves again overtook the sledge, and another man jumped out. Another and another followed until only two, the youngest of the party, remained to reach a place of safety. According to a Polish legend a town near the Vistula was once besieged by wolves during a severe winter, and the animals were only kept from entering by means of high walls, carefully-closed gates, and constant vigilance of the watchmen.

In Western Russia the favorite mode of hunting wolves is to go out on a moonlight night with a sledge drawn by two horses. Two hunters, armed with heavy shot-guns, are seated in the sledge, and a driver on the box manages the team. A pig is a very important, though unwilling and roughly used, member of the hunting party. At the best place in the forest one end of a short rope is tied to the pig's leg, and the other to the back part of the sledge. The animal is then "towed astern."

The wolf is fond, very fond, of pork, and when he hears the squealing of a pig and has not dined recently he is pretty certain to follow the sound. Of course the pig squeals very loudly when dragged behind a sledge, and in a still night his doleful note can be heard far away. If the snow has been lying deep for a long time game is scarce and the hungry wolves are on the alert. Following the pig, and hoping to obtain their favorite meal, they come within range of the hunter's guns and are shot down. Sometimes, when every thing is favorable, six or eight wolves will be killed in this way in a single evening's hunt; but in the great majority of cases the hunters return gameless.

About ten years ago the winter was unusually cold and stormy in Poland and Lithuania, and the wolves became desperate with hunger. In several instances travelers were pursued while traversing the forests that cover much of the flat region east of the Prussian boundary. No person was killed by wolves, but in a few cases horses were lost, and men saved their lives by abandoning their teams and climbing into treetops. In our new States and Territories men have sometimes been "treed" by wolves and kept aloft for several hours. The celebrated but not altogether trustworthy almanac of David Crockett contains several anecdotes of experiences of this kind.

There is a Russian story of a wolf hunt in one of the Polish provinces, in which the hunters found more than they wished. In the narrator's language it is as follows:

"During a winter of unusual severity, when the snow lay thick and the frosts were sharp, I passed several weeks at a friend's country seat, about a hundred miles from Vilna. We exhausted all the usual sports of outdoor life in that region, including two or three wolf hunts which were unsuccessful. At length there came a heavier fall of snow than usual, and for two or three days the roads were impassable. When the track was well beaten and communication was pronounced good we determined to make another search for wolves. Two of us, with a driver, formed the party, and we chose a night when a bright moon favored our adventure.

"We had our sledge carefully prepared, and took a team of three horses full of fire and energy. To make our pig endure dragging as long as possible we fastened him in a cage made of withes and ropes woven together. We knew the jolting of the cage as it followed the sledge would produce all desired noise from the pig, while he would be less injured than if dragged by the leg.

"When we entered the forest there was not a sound audible beyond that made by ourselves. A minute after we had thrown out our decoy we heard half a dozen howls that seemed to echo far away. For some reason I can not explain the wolves from a wide region were gathered in that forest, and their howling, which sounded like an echo, was really the calling from one to another. Wolves, like dogs, will answer the voices of their kindred, and, unlike dogs, they seem able to convey intelligence by modulating their tones. A long, steady call means nothing more than a passing of compliments, while a short, broken, and sharper howl is a signal to rally.

"In a few minutes we could see them coming out of the woods on both sides of the wide strip of open ground where our road lay. We fired as they came in range and dropped them pretty rapidly, but the number steadily increased in spite of our activity. It is the custom in these wolf hunts, where game is scarce, to stop and pick up whatever is killed; but if game is abundant the dead wolves are left to be gathered the next day. Before firing our first shot we knew we should have no occasion—and probably no desire—to halt.

"The howling made our horses restive, as it generally does, and our driver was hardly able to hold them. As the pack around us continued to grow larger we thought it best to increase our speed, and so gave the word to go ahead. As we dashed over the smooth road the sledge rolled from side to side, and injured our aim so that many shots were lost. We could not leave our pursuers behind us despite our best efforts, but were able to keep them at a safe distance. They came from the forest as we advanced, and sometimes reached the road just abreast of us. Very soon the mass was so dense that we fired into it at random, as one might fire into a flock of sheep. Those that fell did not retard the rest.

"Our unfortunate pig was tossed about in his cage, and squealed until exhausted. When the pursuit became hot we cut him away, feeling confident that the wolves would stop to tear him out of his casing, and possibly quarrel over the division of the prize.

"They stopped but a short time. Either the cage was pretty well shaken to pieces and yielded very readily, or the greater number of the wolves left the prize to a few that happened to surround it. We heard the faintest note of the expiring pig as we left him to his fate. The driver held his reins perfectly taut, and seemed as firmly fixed in his seat as if nailed there. Though not loosening his reins, he urged the horses to their best speed, and carried us rapidly homeward.

"One horse fell, but was up in a moment—though not soon enough to prevent two or three of the foremost wolves darting past the sledge and just reaching the team. I shot one as he sprang at the horses, and my friend at the same instant brought down a wolf on his side of the sledge. One huge fellow sprang at the sledge and caught his fore-paws over its end. I struck him with my empty gun and he fell heavily to the ground and was left behind.

"At last as our horses began to lag and our pursuers came so near that we could see their rows of teeth and almost gaze down into their glaring eyes, we heard the baying of dogs in the distance. A minute later the gleam of the lantern over our gateway caught our eyes, and we dashed into the yard and were safe. As the sledge halted I fainted and fell senseless, and the next I remember was when I awoke in my room.

"I have never joined a wolf hunt since that night, and have no desire to be again in such imminent peril."

AN ANTI-PROPOSAL.

The weather would have been very agreeable for polar bears, but it was rather cold for human beings. Charles Harrington and Emily Hunter were trying to make themselves comfortable before the cozy fire in the coal grate, and to an impartial observer seemed to be doing very well. Emily was engaged in restoring the lost youth to some old black velvet, by dusting it vigorously with a worn tooth-brush, and Charles watched every stroke as if his future happiness depended upon it. Grandpa Hunter sat in his easy-chair, intent upon a book; and, as he was as deaf as his gold-headed cane, the course of true love had every opportunity to run smooth.

"You know my feelings, Charles," murmured Emily, with an impressive dash of the toothbrush; "but grandpa never will consent until you get your professorship; so we must be patient, dear, for a little longer."

"Patient, dear, for a little longer," echoed Charles, thumping a coal with the poker; "if there ever were greater trials known than mine you will find them in the Book of Job. Here am I, with the conditional promise of the fairest hand in Christendom; but it's all a dead secret, and every man that admires you has a right to say so, and my mouth is sealed for evermore."

"Oh fie!" said Emily, with a roguish smile, "I wouldn't encourage such figments of the brain. My lovers are all invisible as yet, so pray don't anticipate."

"I believe there never was a woman who didn't enjoy managing somebody," said Charles, looking at guileless Grandpa Hunter as he spoke. "I have faith that your diplomacy will settle matters one of these days, Emmie; but if I had my way I'd prefer an open talk with your grandfather at once."

Emily only shook her wise head, with its wealth of sunny hair. Charles looked at her, admired her, and sighed:

> "Such is the posie love composes,
> A stinging nettle mixed with roses."

"Do look out of the window, Charles. Who is that man walking at such a break-neck pace? What a picturesque object!"

"That? Why that's my Lord Magnifico, engineer on the new railroad," replied Charles, laughing so heartily that his sentimental vapors were dissipated at once.

"Lord who?"

"Why, his workmen call him the Magnifico, because of his capacity for self-appreciation."

"Look, is he coming here, Charles?"

"Yes, to this very door. Take care of your heart, my unfortunate Emily!"

"He looks like a ventriloquist or showman," said the young lady. "How his flame-colored hair dances like fire-brands down his shoulders!"

A shrewd little boy, who seemed to be of Emily's opinion, was following close at the man's heels, calling out,

"Here, Sir! You want any bills posted?"

But the urchin's keen instincts had misled him for once. Lord Magnifico had no bills to post, and shook off the small boy as if he had been a fly. He rang Mr. Hunter's bell with the alacrity of a fireman, and the little waiting-maid ushered him into the back-parlor in hot haste, fully persuaded that it was a case of life or death.

The occupants of the room had scarcely looked up before their visitor stood in the middle of the floor, hat in hand, and so erect that the blazing beard on his chin was nearly horizontal.

"Apollos Paddleford, at your service, miss—gentlemen, yours to command!"

"How do you, my friend?" said Charles, rising. "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Hunter (very deaf, you perceive), and his granddaughter, Miss Emily Hunter. Please be seated, Mr. Paddleford."

The visitor took a chair, at the same time waving his hand imperiously. "I was directed to the venerable Mr. Hunter as a sort of town oracle. I have come on grave business, my dear Mr. Harrington; that is to say, I have come to look up a grave!"

Emily's dimples steadied themselves. "Grandpa, this gentleman has lost a friend, and has come to talk with you about it."

Mr. Hunter wiped his spectacles and regarded his afflicted guest with becoming solemnity.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Paddleford," said Charles, sympathetically; "is it a recent affliction?"

Mr. Paddleford shook out his handkerchief and gazed abstractedly at Emily.

"No, not very recent as we mortals count time. He has been dead seventy-five years—my great-grandfather. I desire to identify his sacred dust and consecrate it by a tombstone."

Emily's dimples began to dance again. "My grandfather is one of the oldest inhabitants of the village. I hope he may be able to assist you, Sir."

Mr. Paddleford immediately wheeled his chair within two feet of the pretty Emily, and gazed at her so intently that not the quiver of an eyelash escaped him.

"I called on funeral business, Miss Hunter; but allow me to say my attention is diverted by your magnificent hair—

> "'And if any painter drew her,
> He would draw her unaware
> With a halo round her hair.'

It is seldom one meets with that peculiar shade of auburn, a complete match to my own!"

Charles Harrington felt moved to exclaim, "Insufferable idiot! As well compare a sunbeam to a fire-brand!"

But I am happy to say politeness kept him silent, while it compelled poor golden-haired Emily to sit quietly, though with indignant blushes, under the scrutiny of the Magnifico.

"Really she is a rustic beauty," soliloquized Apollos (Apollos's home was in the tiny city of Skoodac, whereas this Tollywolly was only a village)—"a rustic beauty, and exquisitely sensitive: I see I have made an impression. I must turn away my eyes, or those tremulous fingers will make small progress."

So, out of gallantry, he refrained from his free and prolonged glance of admiration, but he could not tear himself away from his pretty conquest all in a minute. He must make a little conversation. Bending his eyes upon Emily's sleeve-trimmings he remarked to her grandparent:

"Mr. Hunter, when I entered you courteously laid aside the volume then engaging your attention; may I ask what treatise you were perusing?"

"Don't understand you, Sir," said deaf Mr. Hunter, who thought his visitor the most cheerful mourner he had ever seen; "didn't hear what you said."

"I asked what statistics were you examining."

"Sir?"

"Whose—history—were—you—peru—sing?"

"Grandpa, he would like to know the name of your book."

"Oh, oh, Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard!'"

"Ah! Just so, Sir! Exceedingly appropriate at your time of life! Such a coincidence, too, for it is of the grave I came to speak.

"'Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid—'

you know the rest. My father sent me to you, Sir, to question you concerning a spot unknown. There is no 'frail memorial' to mark it, not even a stick. No doubt, though,

"'The redbreast loves to build and warble there'

—see Gray's 'Elegy.'"

"May I ask what friend you have lost?" said Grandpa Hunter, getting out of all patience.

"Alas, Sir, I never had the honor of seeing him. He was my father's grandfather.

> "'Whence his name,
> And lineage long, it suits me not to say;'

but, Sir, suffice it he was—a—*Paddleford!*"

Emily hurriedly left the room, and, meeting her Aunt Keturah in the hall, astonished her by an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"It's like mirth in a sepulchre," gasped she. "A young gentleman is in there, nearly crying because he never saw his great-grandfather, a lamented Paddleford."

"It must be one of the Skoodac Paddlefords; just such fools," said Aunt Keturah.

"Not a late bereavement, you see, auntie, but an early one—oh, so very early!" sobbed Emily. "And, do you believe, he thinks my hair and his are just of a shade!"

The bereaved engineer soon made another errand to the house, and after it another and another. He had no more graves to look up, and his lamented ancestor had been discovered sleeping under a blackberry-bush. Still Apollos could not tear himself away from Mr. Hunter's hospitable mansion. He found Miss Emily's hair an interesting study, also her dimples.

"*That* hair, Miss Hunter, the match to my own,

> "'Down-gushing in an armful flows,
> And floods her ivory neck, and glitters as she goes.'"

That he was winning Emily's virgin affections he knew just as well as he knew he was the most irresistible of men; but really he couldn't seem to help it. And then, too, it was such a wicked satisfaction to pique Mr. Harrington, who would persist in coming to the house in spite of all discouragements. Pretending to put himself in competition with a Paddleford! Such audacity was simply absurd!

Meanwhile the humble Charles wound silk for the fair Emily, kept the Magnifico at a respectful distance, and now and then "brought him out" in argument for the entertainment of his betrothed. Apollos could split a hair from "west to northwest side." His reasoning was rather muddy; but then, as Emily said, it was clear to himself, and that was all-sufficient, for nobody else was worth convincing.

"Well, well, child," mumbled Grandpa Hunter, "if *this* is the sort of man you admire, I think your judgment is getting a little warped! Why, bless your heart, he can't hold a candle to that young Harrington."

"Charles does very well, Grandpa," remarked the blushing Emily. "I have a sincere friendship for Charles; but haven't you said yourself he hasn't a business turn?"

"Rather more of a book-worm than I like, Emily, as you may have heard me say; but he has a good sound brain of his own. He'll turn out right; you see if he don't."

"But, grandpa, he hasn't so much enterprise as Mr. Paddleford—not half."

"Well, really, I should hope not! Nor half so much impudence either. Don't talk to me about that little upstart! Why, child, haven't I known those Paddlefords, root and branch, for seventy years, and did I ever see one yet that wasn't a scatter-wit and a swell-head?

"Reach me my hat, dear. Women are handy to have about the house, Emily, but they haven't a particle of sense. Young Harrington has a stupid appearance—I admit that—but he'll make a man, yet.

"By-the-way, now you've put me in mind of him, I mean to go this very day and use my influence to get him that Professor's chair. He deserves it; and modest merit ought to be appreciated. Yes, I know what you are thinking of, Emmie; but you may as well give it up at once. I'll have nothing to do with that dapper little engineer. Let him go whistle!"

"Dear old grandpa!" thought Emily, behind her book; "you precious old darling! I may not have 'a particle of sense,' but I know how to manage you by the law of contraries."

Mr. Paddleford had such a gift of language, and such an amazing memory for poetry, that Emily, in the course of a few weeks, grew heartily tired of him.

"Will he never finish our railroad, and go away?" sighed she.

"I hope, for his own sake, the time may be short," responded Charles, with an outburst of feeling; for, like a true lover, he never doubted that Mr. Paddleford's sentiments toward Emily were quite like his own.

Meanwhile, the gentleman in question was really suffering the pangs of remorse. He could no longer conceal from himself the too evident fact that poor Emily was becoming seriously attached to him. He was an honest, kind-hearted youth after all. He did not wish to gain her affections merely to throw them away.

"What am I doing?" said he to his conscience. "I am not in a situation to marry; and when I am shall look higher. I must undeceive the poor girl. It is my bounden duty as a man of honor."

Action always followed resolve with the prompt

Mr. Paddleford. He seized the first opportunity to see Emily alone. She, poor victim, was solacing herself with a book, and a cloud settled upon her bright face as she looked up and beheld the ubiquitous Mr. Paddleford.

"She is dejected," thought he, "and fancies no one perceives it. What greater humiliation can there be to a true woman than an unrequited love! Wretch that I am, I must implore her pardon, though at every word I speak—at the mere sound of my voice, indeed—I rivet her chains!"

Apollos cleared his throat and spoke of the weather. Emily answered courteously.

"Alas!" thought the swain, "there goes a piece of her heart!" for her voice was unusually sad.

"My dear young lady," said he, in tones which he regretted were so thrilling, "do not let it pain you that I have the key to your musings. 'Oh Love, unconquerable in the fight, thee shall neither any of the immortals escape, nor of men, the creatures of a day.' Do not blush, Miss Hunter, that *you* have not escaped."

Whereupon Emily blushed; what else could she do under the circumstances?

"Do not distress yourself," continued the remorseful Apollos; "never fear that I shall betray your secret to the cold world."

"Sir?"

Emily supposed reference was made to her engagement with Charles, a secret which would be divulged in a day or two, or as soon as Grandpa Hunter's consent could be relied on with absolute certainty.

"Poor martyr!" thought Apollos, watching her eloquent cheeks; "it would be well for that too warm heart if it could be packed in snow! Ah me! why was I made so irresistible? Heaven knows it is not my own fault."

He cleared his throat; Apollos was becoming almost embarrassed.

"Miss Hunter, dear Miss Hunter, you *do* think we men are pitiless, I know you do! You think we would as lief break hearts as not; but I do assure you it is not so. At any rate it is far otherwise with me!"

"Sir?" said the mystified Emily again.

"Well done!" soliloquized the conscientious youth; "that glance was as cold as a winter landscape." Then aloud: "Ah, Miss Emily, when I tell you that I have seen, that I could not fail to see, the desperate struggle going on in your heart, your maidenly heart, between pride and unconquerable love—yes, *love*—ah, do not turn away in such distress! Let me say this knowledge has not for one instant lowered you in my esteem! Not for one instant, dear Emily! Base, ungenerous, unworthy the name of man would he be who should triumph over such sweetness!"

Emily sat speechless, unable to comprehend one word of this harangue.

"No, my beautiful, too susceptible young friend, on the contrary I feel"—here Mr. Paddleford was so unpleasantly choked as to be obliged to loosen his neck-tie—"I feel that I alone am to blame."

"Sir?"

"Do not look at me so, Miss Hunter. In the words of an old poet—

"'A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain!'

Why did I not foresee this from the first?"

"Poor fellow! He is going to make a declaration. What can I do to stop him?" thought Emily, uneasily.

"Yes, Miss Hunter, remembering your peculiar agitation even at our first meeting, and your fitful, I may perhaps say capricious, conduct ever since, I ought to have heeded the warning and seen as little of you as possible. My power over your sex is truly involuntary; believe me, dear girl, I would not be guilty of trying to fascinate!"

Emily was still speechless, but her face was becoming what her guest was pleased to term "an interesting study."

"It was selfish in me, however, to come here so much, I confess. I have enjoyed your society at the same time that I have endeavored to cultivate your literary tastes. You are a simple, unsophisticated woman, my dear Emily, and (though I must say with pain I do not and can not return your love) you have made a deep impression upon me. I shall never, never forget you!"

"Mr. Apollos Paddleford," stammered Emily at last, "do I understand you to say—"

"Yes, Miss Emily, would it were otherwise; but I can not, can not return your love! Remember,

"'Love is not in our power,
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice.'

I would gladly give you some encouragement for the future, my afflicted friend, did I not feel that such an assurance would be mistaken kindness. No, go forget me, Emily; and oh, I humbly entreat you, forgive me!"

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" sobbed Emily, growing hysterical behind her handkerchief. "It's the most exquisite joke I ever heard of in my life. If Charles were *only* here!"

Her words, which seemed like the ravings of despair, smote the penitent Apollos afresh. In his perplexity he was nearly on the point of promising that he *would* love her, or at least try to do so, when she added, more calmly:

"My Lord Magnifico, I understand you at last. I appreciate your sentiments; they are worthy of you. But don't, oh don't be uneasy about me! I shall do very well. The impression you have made—oh dear—the impression you have made will—will—it will wear away in time!"

"I do trust so, Miss Emily. Only say you will try to forgive me!"

"Forgive you? Oh, freely! I forgive you for making the most outrageously foolish mistake that any 'silly moon-struck elf' ever made in his life. Why, Mr. Paddleford, they said you were the most conceited man living; but did any body, in all this world of foolishness, ever dream you would do such a thing as this?"

Apollos's face was a "study" of surprise. Was she going to deny she cared for him? Why, what did she mean?

"Mr. Paddleford, a gentleman may now and then ask a lady to love him, indeed I believe it is customary in certain cases; but did you ever hear before of his asking her *not* to love him? I consider it an original proceeding. I shall tell Mr. Harrington I have had an *anti-proposal.*"

"But, Miss—Miss Hunter, you have certainly led me to suppose—"

"Then I am sorry, Mr. Paddleford. I certainly didn't mean to!"

"Oh, Miss Emily, if I could only believe you! But your capricious conduct—"

Emily had fallen to laughing again, and Apollos thoughtfully picked up his hat and walked away. He was not quite sure that his delicate intuitions had been at fault, but he tried to believe they had. Heaven be praised, he had done *his* duty any way! A narrow escape for a tender-hearted youth; but how exquisitely he had handled the subject! He was astonished at his own dexterity.

Emily remarked to Mr. Harrington that she thought the Magnifico showed some signs of mortification as he strode away from the house with lowered head. Charles said No, that was constitutionally impossible. Charles was probably right. At any rate on Emily's wedding-day the undaunted lord of creation was heard to say:

"Far be it from me to boast of my conquests; but *there* is a woman who married from pique. To one who understands law terms I should say Charles Harrington may be considered the 'residuary legatee' of her affections. That is to say, he receives all the blighted love she has left to bestow, after a—ahem!—to use plain English, after a serious disappointment!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Light Diet—The Feast of Lanterns.

LEAP-YEAR.

Eighteen sixty-eight is an important year.

It is leap-year.

Of which fact I wish to remind the ladies.

There is a division of opinions as to the right of a woman to vote, but there can be no question as to her right to a husband—if she can get one.

But I would advise young ladies not to be rash.

Although it is leap-year, you had better look before you leap.

Because if you get a husband, and he don't suit you, you can't change him for a better one—at least without going to Chicago.

I wouldn't advise any young woman to marry a man who would expect her pa to support them.

Young ladies need not inquire too particularly whether the man of their choice belongs to a lodge which meets four nights a week.

She will find that out after they are married.

Husbands, like other domestic animals, when caught young can sometimes be trained to do a good many useful things.

They have even been known to get up in the morning and light the fire when the girl had gone away.

There are some professions not advisable to marry into.

But as the great object is to get a husband, and as the supply is limited, it may not do to be too particular.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

On a Loquacious Lady.

"Here rests in silent clay
Miss Arabella Young,
Who, on the 21st of May,
Began to hold her tongue.'

On a Work-house Pauper.

"Thorps'
Corpse."

On an Infant.

"She never told her love."

On a Dyer.

"Beneath this turf a man doth lie,
Who dyed to live, and lived to die."

On an Old Man.

"Here lies John Hill,
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten;
He ne'er did good,
Nor ever would,
Had he lived as long again."

On an Old Bachelor.

"At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, lone and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wished my father never had!"

On a Mr. Box.

"Here lies one Box within another,
The one of wood was very good,
We can not say so much for t'other."

On a Physician.

"Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard,
Who filled the half of this church-yard."

A way with Melancholy—Suicide.

A gentleman passing along Water Street the other evening, detected a boy picking his pocket, and, seizing him, had determined to have him committed, when the boy begged heartily for mercy. "For indeed, Sir," said he, "it is my *first* offense; here's your own handkerchief again, and *take any of these five you like best.*"

Wanted—An ear from the head of a river, a feather from the wing of a house, a toe from the foot of a mountain, a hair from the tale of the "Two Cities," a tooth from the mouth of a river, the buttons from a coat of paint, a bone from the arm of a sea, a shingle from the roof of a mouth.

"Electricity," said the scientific D., "travels faster than light." "Yes," said the reflective B., "it is easier to shock than to instruct."

A few weeks ago a cow dashed down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but ice-cream since.

GENERAL SIGNS.

To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging with the left hand is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

If a mirror is broken it is a sign that a good-looking glass will be missed in that house.

If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed and the clock strike a few times at the same instant it is a sign of mo(u)rning.

To stroke a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and a heavy purs will be the consequence.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry it is a sign of marriage, or if it isn't it ought to be.

To lose a pocket-book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night by one of the ladies of his congregation. "Well, my poor woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?" "No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous and can't sleep." "How can I help that?" asked the parson. "Oh, Sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!" The parson made tracks.

I dearly luv the singin' bird,
And little buzzin' bee,
But dearer far than all the world,
Is thy sweet voice to me.

Oh, very deep is daddy's well,
And deeper is the sea,
But deeper in my buzzum is
The luv I bear for thee.

Then smile on me, dear Angeline,
And make my heart feel lite,
Chain the big dog and I will cum
A cortin' Sunday nite.

The Real Phantom Sail—A mock auction.

X, a French husband, discovered that Z, a French bachelor, was seeking to make himself too acceptable to Mrs. X, and that the lady, being French, was inclined to listen. Thereupon X goes away into Switzerland, and, after a short time, his wife learns by telegraph that he has fallen off a mountain, and that she is a widow. She loses no time in tenderly confiding to Z that, at a proper date, she may reward his love with her hand. That very night the lover bolts into England. The husband returns to find his wife cured of her folly, and they live happy ever afterward.

The Fruits of Good Living—The Pine, Olive, and Grape.

A Poor Relation—Telling an anecdote badly.

When is a fast young fellow like a feather?—When he's on a lark.

When was Nicholas Longworth a pork-packer?—When he barreled his (s)wine.

Why is the little end of nothing like the first navigator?—Because it's nowhere.

Why is an ill-digested idea like a sailors' chorus?—Because it's a crew-ditty.

SOLDIERS' MESSENGER COMPANY.

A most sensible, humane, and practical project for the aid and employment of our disabled soldiers has been lately started in New York city, and its purpose and plan of organization are well worthy of imitation in the other great cities of the country. The one which is now being established in this city promises not only to be successful in a benevolent, but in a financial point of view, and to result not only in giving employment to a worthy and needy class, but in establishing that great *desideratum* in every metropolis—a city dispatch and transit company.

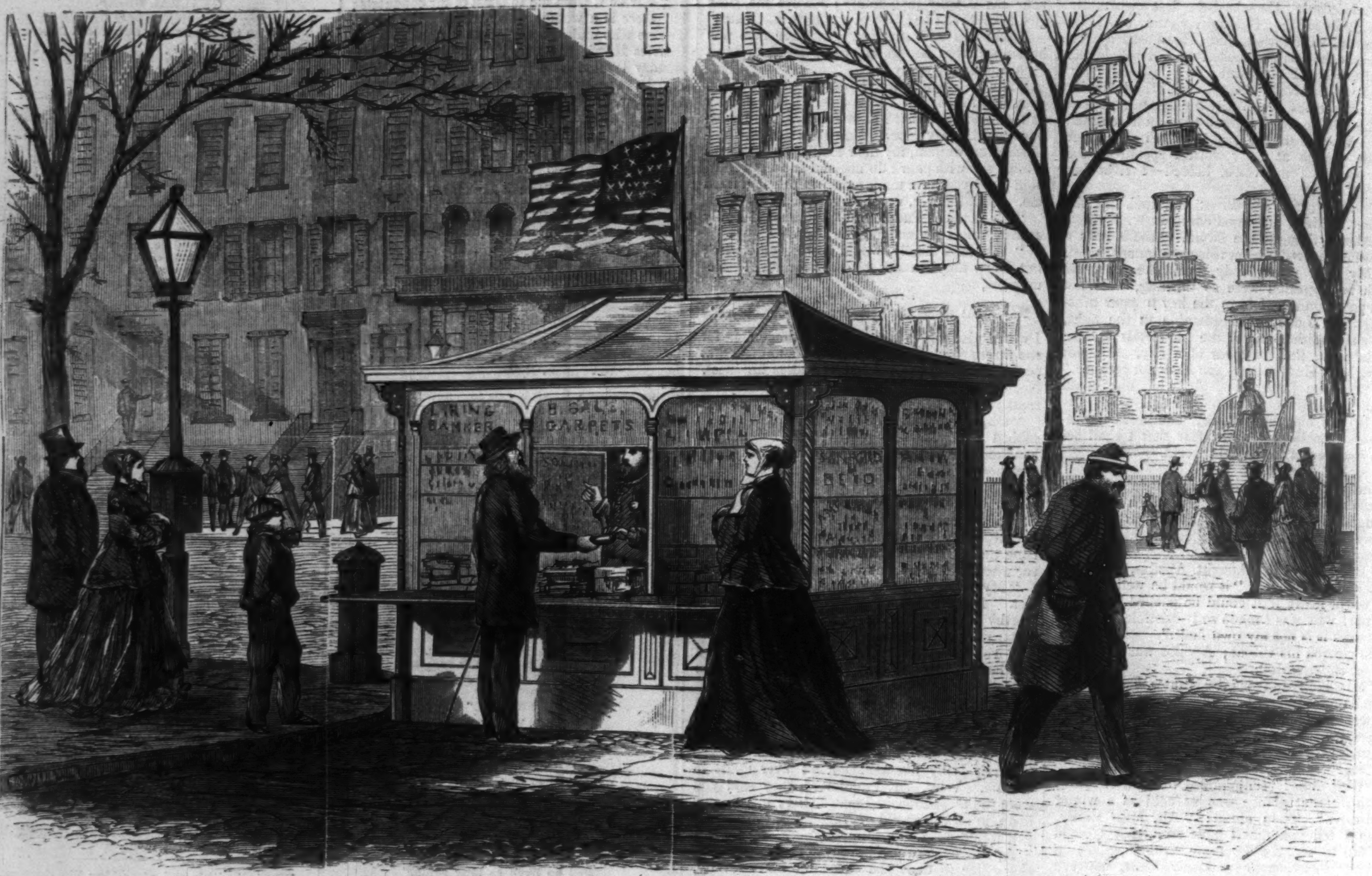
A company with the title of the "Soldiers' Business Messenger and Dispatch Company" was chartered in April, 1867, and subsequently organized by the election of General Alexander Shaler, President of the Board of Fire Commissioners, as its President. General Henry A. Barnum, General J. H. Liebenau, and others are associated with him, and will give character, responsibility, and vigor to the enterprise.

This new company proposes to place, at certain points in certain districts, into which they will divide this city and Brooklyn, booths, such as that which we illustrate on page 156, to the number of 300. Many have, indeed, already been erected. Each of these will be used as an advertising medium, and as a shop for the sale of newspapers, magazines, stationery, cutlery, and the like. In each will be placed a maimed soldier as custodian and salesman, with the rank of corporal, preference being given to those who are unable to do messenger duty. These booths will be dépôts for the reception of parcels, letters, or other messages. Between these the messengers will pass as they patrol their district, taking up the messages or packages *en route*, where their receipt has been duly recorded beforehand by the corporal in charge. When a patrolman who is on his way from booth to booth is stopped by a citizen, and receives a message to deliver on his route, he will report its nature at his first stopping-place, where the record will be made. If the delivery is not in his direction he will leave the packet there, to be given to its proper carrier, and so on. As messengers in this way will constantly patrol their district, they will always be in reach of citizens who require their services, and who may wish to save themselves walking to the nearest booth. This carrying of parcels and messages is not all. Special wagons are to be used upon the railroad tracks, to run hourly or semi-hourly, as it may be found desirable. These will carry heavy packages, grocers' supplies, and the like, to the extreme end of the island or to intermediate points, and telegraphic wires will be laid, so that messages may be sent in this way from certain points designated to any other within the district. Arrangements have been or are about being made with a telegraph company to use their poles throughout the city to this end. A message will be delivered 10 blocks distant for 10 cents; 15, 12 cents; 20, 15 cents; 25, 17 cents; 30, 20 cents; 35, 22 cents; 40, 24 cents; 45 to 140 blocks, 25 cents. Packages under 5 pounds 10 blocks distant for 12 cents; 140 blocks, 35 cents, and the intermediate distances at proportionate rates. So on with packages, bundles, or

HORSE-FLESH AND TRIMMINGS.

Master of the House. "'Pon my Life it's too bad! This is the Second Time Cook's forgotten to take the Shoes off. I'll discharge her this very night!" etc., etc.

Elderly Gentleman (*affected*). "You haven't got such a thing as a Tumblerful of Pale Brandy in the Room, have you?"



BOOTH OF THE NEW SOLDIERS' MESSENGER COMPANY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

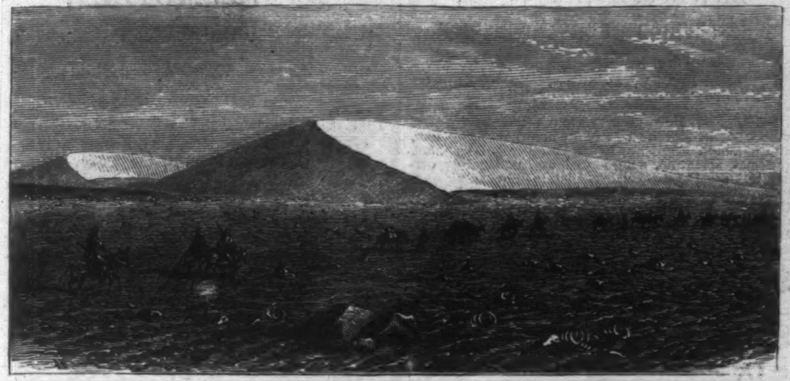
boxes, a gradual increase of tariff with weight until they reach 75 to 100 pounds; this will be carried 10 blocks for 30 cents, 140 blocks for 62 cents, and intermediate distances in proportion.

We shall watch with interest the development of the plans of this institution, and hope to see it realize its promise to the full in giving to New York a messenger and dispatch system rapid and punctual in its labors, an honest worker in all directions, and a field of respectable and fairly remunerative labor for the disabled soldiers of our city.

A STREET SCENE.

RACING is not confined to Jerome Park; sleighing is not an exclusively Fifth Avenue enjoyment; and the long-continued sleighing season has been appreciated and improved by all classes of high and low degree. Races between the truckmen and expressmen, butchers and milkmen, have been of daily occurrence, and for weeks past the New York streets have been lively with such scenes as that of "Pork *versus* Milk" which we illustrate on this page.

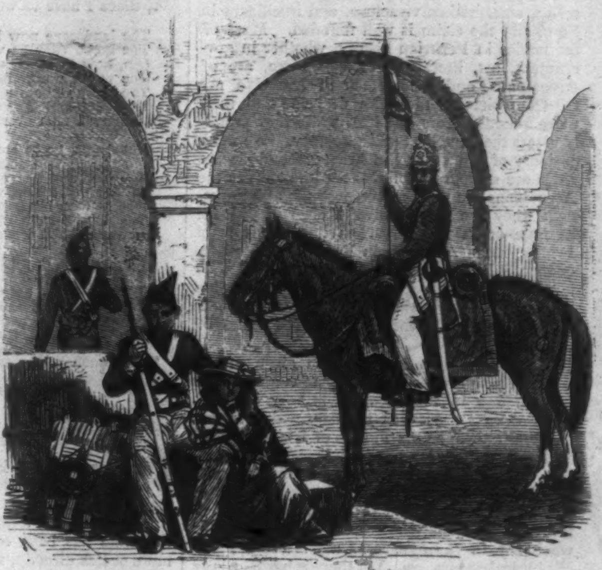
A NEW YORK STREET SCENE—"PORK *VERSUS* MILK."—[SKETCHED BY H. C. BISPHAM.]



MEDANOS IN THE PAMPA OF ISLAY, PERU.

TAMBO OF LA JOYA, PAMPA OF ISLAY, PERU.

GENERAL CANSECO, ACTUAL PRESIDENT OF PERU.



PERUVIAN INFANTRY AND CAVALRY.

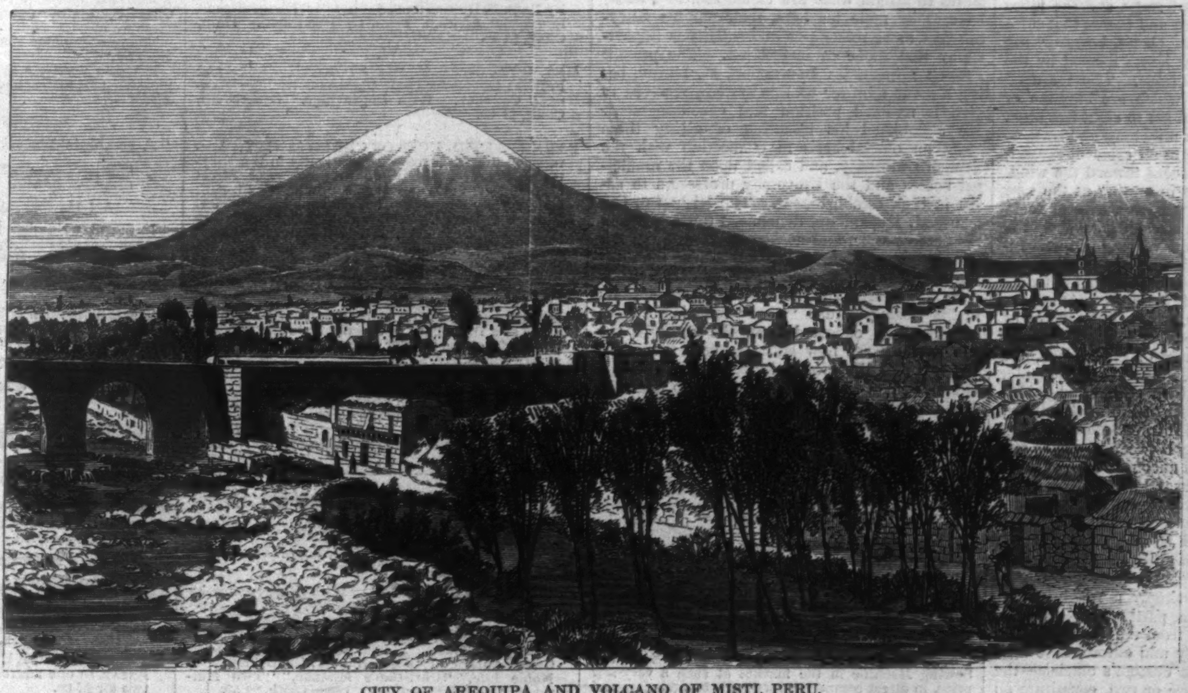
THE PERUVIAN REVOLUTION.

The Republic of Peru enjoys annually about 30 earthquakes, which upset all houses over two stories in height; it also indulges, in the same space of time, in at least one political revolution, which overturns all existing forms of government. The last revolution in that unfortunate country culminated on December 27, 1867, at Arequipa, in the failure of President Prado to capture that city, which he had for some time besieged. We illustrate on this page the scene of the struggle between Prado and General Canseco for the supremacy in the government; together with several engravings illustrating the peculiarities of the country in which the campaign was made, sketches of the troops, and a portrait of the victorious chieftain.

The detailed history of this last struggle would require more space than we can give to it. Suffice it to say that about two years ago a native Arequipan, General Canseco, second Vice-President, incited a revolution against General Pezet, who, as first Vice-President, had become President on the death of General San Roman. It was alleged that Pezet had betrayed his country to the Spaniards, and was acting in collusion with them. But Canseco was unable to direct the revolution he had raised. He was deposed by a younger aspirant for place, Colonel Prado, who made himself Dictator. He gained much popularity by beating off the Spaniards at Callao, and on the strength of that achievement he was elected President. He then attempted, in framing a new Constitution, to curtail the power of the Romish clergy, and thereby made an enemy of the Church. He lost popularity by this movement, and made many enemies.

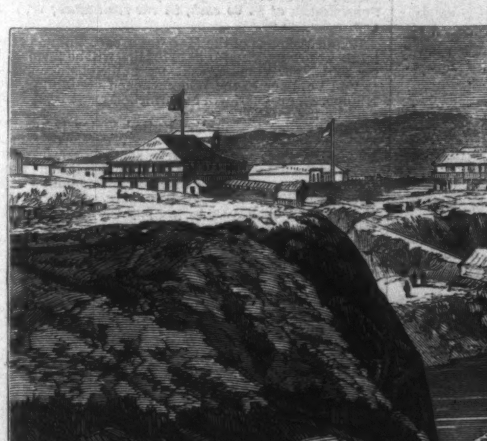
It was now Canseco's turn. He left the capital, Lima, and returned to Arequipa, where he incited a new revolution against the man who had profited by his previous one. Prado endeavored to crush him in his strong-hold, but was defeated, as stated, on the 27th of December last, and compelled to leave the country, while Canseco enjoys his triumph in Lima.

Arequipa, the scene of this struggle, is the second city of Peru in respect of population. It contains about 50,000 inhabitants, and, in many respects, is one of the most interesting towns in South America. It was founded by Pizarro in 1540, at the base of the great volcano *Misti*, 20,300 feet in height. This symmetrical colossus is crowned with eternal snow, and forms, with the other *nevados* of the Cordillera, a magnificent back-ground to the city.



CITY OF AREQUIPA AND VOLCANO OF MISTI, PERU.

As every well-informed reader knows, the whole Pacific coast of Peru, between the Cordilleras and the sea, is a vast sandy desert, where rain never falls, and is only relieved by occasional transverse, ribbon-like strips of verdure, masking the courses of the streams or torrents that flow down from the mountains, where they are fed by the melting snows. Arequipa stands where one of these streams, the Rio Chile, debouches from the vast gorges of the Cordilleras, a hundred miles back from the sea, forming an oasis in the desert of considerable extent and of great beauty and fertility. The Incas had made an establishment here to facilitate communication between Cuzco, their capital, and the coast; and the name of the city comes from two Quichua words—*ari que-*



PORT OF ISLAY, PERU.

GRAND PLAZA AND MARKET-PLACE OF AREQUIPA, PERU.

pai, signifying "*Yes; rest here.*" Most of the trade of those vast districts of interior Peru, the departments of Cuzco and Puno, is carried on through Arequipa, and has made it, together with its local resources, rich and luxurious. Standing at an elevation of 7850 feet above the sea, its climate is delightful. Its principal drawback is the frequency of earthquakes, by which it has several times been ruined. To guard against the effects of these shocks the dwelling-houses are low, never exceeding two stories in height, and are built of a white volcanic stone, with their roofs and ceilings voluted with the same material. The Rio Chile is spanned by a massive bridge, and the town is embellished with two well-shaded alamedas or public walks. The Cathedral is a large, modern edifice, and is believed by the inhabitants to be among the finest structures in the world. It has a bell, cast in the city, of greater size than that of St. Paul's, London. The principal square and market-place, of which we give a view, is 450 feet square. One side is occupied by the Cathedral, and the other sides by various municipal buildings resting on arcades.

The people of Arequipa claim to be the most active, enterprising, vivacious, and intelligent in Peru, and the claim is well founded. Most of the names in Peruvian history, whether in government, art, literature, or commerce, are of Arequipans, and the women of Arequipa are far from yielding the palm of beauty to their more famous sisters of Lima, while they proudly assert their intellectual supremacy. A strong jealousy of Lima exists in Arequipa, and the two cities are seldom in political accord; and as the Arequipans are most active, restless, and impetnous, they are almost always deep in political intrigue or in revolution. What Lyons is in France, so is Arequipa in Peru. As a consequence, it has suffered much from the civil wars it has so frequently provoked, but never probably so gravely as in the one just closed, when it was bombarded for three days by the forces of General PRADO.

From the description we have given of the sandy deserts of Peru it is easy to conceive that campaigning in that country is very difficult. These deserts are called *pampas*, and over one of them, known as the Pampa of Islay, General PRADO had to march to reach Arequipa from its port, Islay. This desert waste is ninety miles broad, and hardly a trace of vegetation or drop of water is to be found in it. The passage of this desert is usually accomplished, as sportsmen would say, in "a single heat," and is a severe trial of physical endurance. Yet there is hardly a lady in Arequipa who has not often accomplished it.

For the most part the sand is hard, swept smooth by the winds, and unrelieved by any thing except an occasional stone and the more frequent skeletons of mules and horses that have perished by the way. In places, however, the traveler comes upon great heaps formed by the drifting sands, called *medanos*. These are of varying size, from those which are only ten or twenty yards in length and six to eight feet high, to those which are half a mile long and sixty to ninety feet high. They are all crescent-shaped, with the bow of the crescent toward the wind, and as regular and sharp in outline as the new moon itself. Some, which have a core of rock, are permanent; but most are shifting, varying in shape and position with the varying winds. Instances are known in which not only individuals but parties of travelers and detachments of troops have been buried beneath them in their sudden changes. In the deserts, where little flakes of mica occur among the sands, these, being lightest, will drift over the crest of the *medano*, and falling on the inner side, make it appear, under certain lights, as if plated with burnished gold.

The only refuge or sign of life in the dreary *pampa* of Islay is the rude little *tambo*, or resting-place, of *La Joya*, midway between Arequipa and its port. It is rough and uncomfortable enough, but affords rest and water and a little food to the weary traveler and his weary horse. The water is brought from a distance of many leagues on the backs of mules, and is sold at a price per quart higher than that of good wine in the provinces of France.

The Port of Islay is simply a rough, rocky, dangerous landing-place, partly protected by a jutting, rocky headland from the heavy swell of the Pacific. A few dirty and extortionate *tambos*, the dwellings of the custom's officials—the *aduana*—and a storehouse or two, constitute all there is of a town. Water here, as at *La Joya*, is brought from a distance, as is also the foo for man and beast. From the sea the place appears picturesque enough, but no illusions can be kept up when once you enter it.

The Peruvian army is made up almost exclusively of Indians and negroes, or *sambos*. The Indians constitute the infantry and being accustomed to travel on foot in the mountainous interior from infancy, they have wonderful rapidity and endurance on the march. The negroes are confined to the plains of the coast, and are accustomed to riding and the management of mules and horses. Hence the peculiar distribution.

The Peruvian soldiers are tractable, and if well led as brave as any in the world. The native Indian tenacity and stubbornness are excellent elements in the composition of the soldier. Almost every Peruvian foot-soldier is attended by his *rabona*, who may be, but is not generally, his wife. She marches with him, cooks and mends for him, often carries his knapsack, sometimes his musket, and always the little roll of matting which, when unfolded and supported on a couple of sticks, constitutes his tent. It is of little moment on which side the Indian fights. He knows nothing about the political squabbles of the country, and cares less. But the case has been different in past years, and will be again, when the rapidly-approaching struggle for supremacy between the Indians and the decadent descendants of the conquerors takes place.

LOST SUNSHINE.

OUR House is emptied of Delight;
It is no more the house of joy
That once shone with his presence bright,
That echoed to his laughter light,
His bounding step upon the stair,
His joyous accents every where—
It is no more our home, without our Boy.

All's Gloom, although the sunbeams glow
On yonder church-yard Tomb and Cross
(So near, so far!); and Silence, though
His brothers' footsteps come and go,
And voices, that are dear to me
(As *living* voices e'er can be),
Too young to know the greatness of their loss.

Ah, Room wherein our dear one lay!
As sacred as the sacred Fane
Wherein he loved to kneel and pray—
The good seed ripened day by day,
I watched it in the ear, the blade;
And when upon his death-bed laid,
He [illegible] the harvest of God's golden grain!

Oh, manly Form that never more
Shall swell this yearning heart with pride!
Oh, kindly Face that always wore
Its best for me!—I watch the door,
Half-hopeful; through the window gaze;
My sorrow gives me such amaze,
At times I have to whisper: "No, he died."

The landscape now has lost its charm,
The home view he was wont to prize
(Ah, how he loved each field and farm!).
The very air now lacks its balm;
The pulse of oars upon the lake
Is silent; and his gun can wake
No echo; a mist ever hides our skies.

Yet dwells he in some heavenly home
Far fairer; and about him lie
The plains of heaven. Let us come
In Thy good time, where grief is dumb;
Not as with us, Lord, who lack speech
The depth of our distress to reach,
But where Thou wip'st the tears from every eye.

My boy, my Bayard without stain,
Whom the world loved, yet soilèd not;
We would not have you know our pain,
Else you would feel it; but would fain
Still think (forgive us), though you be
In Jesus' breast, that you and we
Have yet some bond of sympathy,
That somehow, Sweet, we are not quite forgot.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM IN FRANCE.

A MOVEMENT has lately been made in France in connection with the education of young women and girls which considerably disturbs the Romish Church authorities. Hitherto, while the State has been educating boys, the Church more or less directly, through nunneries, schools, and similar establishments, has had the chief control of the education of girls. Latterly, however, it has become pretty common for young ladies to attend what are called *cours*—that is, lectures by male teachers, their parents fancying that more robustness and solidity is imparted by that mode of instruction. The present French Minister of Instruction, M. Duruy, being a great admirer of this system, resolved to give it national position and encouragement. He announced his intention of giving these *cours* an official basis in connection with the French University, and called upon the municipal bodies and the University professors to assist in their establishment. The Bishop of Orleans, M. Dupanloup, denounced the scheme in his fiercest style, and declared that nothing but ruin for young ladies would result from the glaring publicity of the education now designed for them. The true aversions of the Bishop appears in his closing words: "Our young ladies have hitherto been educated upon the knees of the Church; we are now going to pass them into the arms of the University." The immediate effect of this denunciation has been to flood the Paris *cours* with applicants, among whom, it is said, are the two nieces of the Empress, the Mlles. d'Albe. It is quite likely that the new system is a result of the effort now so general to separate education wholly from religious influences of every kind.

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C. E. Collins & Co., Nassau Street, New York: BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA, January 6, 1868.
GENTS,—I have just seen one of your gold fifteen dollar ($15) watches, and must have one immediately. You will please ship at your earliest convenience one of the same kind (imitation gold $15 watch). If I get as good a one as the one I have just seen I can make a good trade for you in this part of the country.
Yours respectfully, J. S. COLCORD, S. Atlantic and Gulf Railway, Georgia.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, January 10, 1868.
GENTS,—I have carried one of your oroide watches some time. It keeps good time, and keeps its color good. I am well pleased with it. Mine is a large size, at $15. Please send me one of the ladies' size.
A. H. BRIGGS, 256 So. Desplans, Chicago, Illinois.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT SUMNER, NEW MEXICO, December 28, 1867.
GENTLEMEN,—I have received your chain per express, for which I paid $6 75, and am well pleased with it. I consider it a cheap article. Please send me two of your watches, gentlemen's size, at $15 each. Send them C. O. D., by express, to Fort Union, New Mexico, where the mail conductor from this post will receive them for me and pay all expenses. I have no doubt but I will be able to send you several more orders when the watches are seen here. Yours respectfully,
J. R. BOLTON, Quartermaster Sergeant, Co. "F," 37th U. S. Infantry.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, December 31, 1867.
SIRS,—Please send me one more of your oroide watches. I received the watch you sent, and I am very much obliged for such a good timepiece. Very respectfully, PATRICK D. CORNIGAN.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co., New York: FARMINGTON, IOWA, December 25, 1867.
GENTLEMEN,—I am much pleased with the watches, and concluded to keep them both. There is another order on the way for you, sent on my account. Hoping the above may be satisfactory, and expecting to send more soon, I remain, Yours truly, A. T. CHURCH.

Messrs. Collins & Co.: PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, January 19, 1868.
GENTLEMEN,—We are very much pleased with the watches, and have no hesitancy in recommending them generally. Hoping your advertisement in our paper will do you much good, &c., M. T. WOLF, Press Office.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA, December 27, 1867.
GENTLEMEN,—You will please send me one of your oroide hunting watches by express to Blackshear, Ga. —No. 8, A. & G. R. R.—C.O.D. I saw the watch you sent to Mr. W. W. Campbell, which created a great sensation. I think you will be patronized if you hold out and prove to be genuine. I would be pleased to be your agent if I would be any help to you. There will be quite a number here that will send for watches in a short time. Respectfully yours, E. F. SWEAT.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FORT UNION, NEW MEXICO, December 25, 1867.
SIRS,—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your watch, and it gives entire satisfaction; but you forgot to send me the $2 chain. You will have more orders from me before long. Yours respectfully,
JAMES DILLON, "A" Co., 3d Cavalry, Fort Union, New Mexico.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: TOPEKA, KANSAS, January 4, 1868.
SIRS,—The watch came safely to hand to-day. I think it will prove all I expected. Please send me one ladies' size, double case, by the Merchants' Union Express, Topeka, Shawnee Co., Kansas, G. W. Wines. Please send me a nice watch, and oblige GEORGE W. WINES.

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